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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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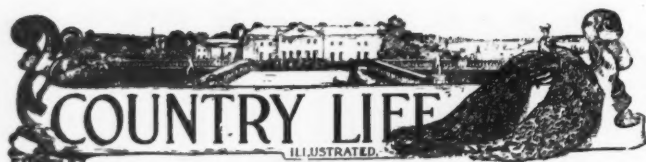
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Photo, LAFAYETTE,

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179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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Protection of Hawks & Owls.

THE Selborne Society has issued a report on evidence collected to justify the inclusion of both hawks and owls in the list of birds protected by law. The data collected make a very good case for the kestrel, and the society is convinced that the brown owl can be scheduled as practically harmless to game, while useful to the farmer and forester. We are not sure that the society is quite well-advised in claiming such an absolutely unblemished record for their protégés, though we heartily concur in the recommendation that they should be spared from the fate of noxious vermin. With this admission of the most favourable bias towards the birds in question, we must add that not three weeks ago a pair of kestrels regularly visited a woodside where some 400 young pheasants were being reared, and carried off a bird each morning for three days in succession. This was the more curious because, though the preserve in question was not more than ten miles from London Bridge, there was an abundance of mice and small birds in the neighbourhood.

It is the collection of great numbers of valuable and unprotected young pheasants in a limited space during the rearing season which tempts all our predatory birds and beasts to make raids on game; nor can one wonder that the sight of such an

easy feast should make the kestrel or owl abandon mice for the moment, and take a few pheasant chicks to its own hungry brood. But even where heavy pheasant rearing flourishes, the owls and kestrels do more direct good to game by killing off young rats than harm by taking a few young pheasants; and, speaking generally, there is a strong body of evidence to show that, with the exception of sparrow-hawks near pheasantries, the whole body of British raptorial birds might for many years be included in a general schedule of immunity. If in any district a species became too numerous, application could be made at once to the local authorities to withdraw protection. We believe that this has occurred in one county in Scotland, where eagles had increased till they became a nuisance to the sheep-farmers. But if, with one exception, we "table" the whole list of our raptorial birds, those which kill other creatures in the open, and not by egg-sucking or destroying nestlings, according to the practice of the carrion and hoodie crows or the jays, it is difficult for anyone who knows their habits to believe that they could become a source of serious annoyance or loss, even on big preserves. Omitting the two eagles, the golden and sea eagles, we have the kite, once so common that it swarmed on the shores of the London Thames, and ate the garbage thrown there; three buzzards, very rare and not destructive to game; the hobby, mainly an insect-feeder and devourer of small birds; the merlin, too diminutive to damage game; the goshawk, extinct at present; and five other species which do destroy game-birds. These are the peregrine, the three harriers, and the sparrow-hawk. The first is usually protected, except on grouse moors. He is nowhere common, and it is well known that even on a grouse moor the falcon is useful as the exterminator of diseased or wounded birds. The harriers are now so rare that their part in game destruction is infinitesimal. It would be as ridiculous to complain of their presence as it would be to demand powers for exterminating the black rats, or the wild cat in Wales, or ospreys on Scotch lakes, on the ground that they destroy fish. The sparrow-hawk is numerous and mischievous, and, as he never takes a hint or cares for scarecrows or other terrifying devices, he should probably be left to take his chance of being shot.

The owls, without a single exception, might be added to the list. The mischievous prey, which form nineteen-twentieths of owl diet, whether field-mice, rats, voles, or domestic mice, are the only noxious quadrupeds in this country which naturally increase to the dimensions of a pest, even when all means of destruction known to man are employed against them, unless the natural police, of which owls are the most effective, are allowed to survive. During the vole plague in Dumfriesshire, as in similar visitations in Argentina, it was found that the owls had the faculty of multiplying *pari passu* with the pests they fed upon. All through the year the owls laid eggs and hatched young, and the clutches of eggs were of greater numbers than usual. The Board of Agriculture of the United States has issued two reports in recent years advocating the protection of owls. Many county councils have been convinced on existing evidence, before the Selborne Society collected its briefs, and there is little doubt that in the course of a few years the birds will have immunity from trap and gun.

A further question, on which the Selborne Society has not asked for information, will arise before the experiment is many years old. It seems almost a paradox; but is total immunity from shooting or trapping the best way to increase the numbers of a species in an old and settled country like ours? When a new species is turned loose in a sparsely-inhabited country like New Zealand or New South Wales, it does increase to enormous numbers if the first specimens are protected, and only diminishes by human agency, as in the recent effective reduction of the New Zealand rabbits, when once it became profitable to export the carcasses frozen. But in the case of many species of birds in this country, it is not enough to draw a ring fence of protection, either local or legal, round them, and leave them to Nature to multiply. It has been tried on a great scale on several large estates. In Scotland, in the deer forests, and on some of the islands near the West Coast, particular species of raptorial birds and fish-eating birds have increased, after such protection has been granted. But it has not answered on other estates, or in the case of certain other species of birds. The kestrels, for example, have enjoyed twenty years' protection on the Earl of Leicester's estates in Norfolk. So, too, have the home-land wild ducks and the green woodpeckers. It has been noted with surprise that, though the park at Holkham is very large, full of good trees for nesting, and surrounded by woods, the kestrel is quite an uncommon bird there after so many years of immunity, while the woodpeckers do not increase in any measure. The wild ducks became more numerous than before they were protected on the lake; but after the numbers had increased to a certain level, they advanced no further. On grouse and partridge ground, the survival of the fittest is secured by the rough-and-ready process of shooting by driving; but as no one could undertake to raise the numbers of raptorial birds by killing off the old ones, and so encouraging the young broods to stay, the limit of their preservation cannot be ascertained.



BEFORE these lines are printed, it is to be hoped that the weather will have broken, and that, crops or no crops, the pitiless sunshine will be varied by long-wished-for rain. In Berkshire, especially where wells are shallow, the state of things is very bad, many of the springs having been dry for a long time. "A week ago and more," writes a correspondent, "a large farmer with hundreds of acres of capital wheat, cut and standing, vowed that he would be glad to see two days and nights of heavy rain." Where rain has come, however, it has been in excess. Llanelli has been so thoroughly washed out that the good folks almost think they have suffered an earthquake; in other parts of Wales numerous persons have been killed by the lightning, which signified that the windows of Heaven were opened. Meanwhile, in other parts, where the sun reigned supreme and unrelenting, deaths from heat apoplexy have been alarmingly numerous. A long spell of very hot weather has found Englishmen utterly unprepared, but now, as always, ready to go on till they drop. Few victims of any disease present so terribly distressing an appearance or make more piteous sounds than those who fall before the arrows of the sun. Medical assistance should always be sought when there is the slightest suspicion of sunstroke, if such assistance is available; but when it is inaccessible, copious douches of cold water will often give relief and save serious or even fatal consequences. A doctor of our acquaintance once informed us that it was a capital plan to place the sun-stricken under the distributing pipe of a water-cart.

Drowning accidents are recorded day by day, but none of them have been more pitifully sad than that which cost the life of Miss Winifred Foster, the youngest daughter of Sir Walter Foster, M.P. The tale is terribly short. Miss Foster, and a number of other happy young persons, went down from Morthoe to Coombe's Cove to bathe. Coombe's Cove is not a "recognised bathing-place"—at such, we are informed, all precautions are taken to ensure safety—but it is evidently a place where a good many persons are in the habit of bathing. It was a rough day, so bad that, according to one witness, "no boat could have lived in such surf." At a French watering-place, no doubt, the municipal authorities would have posted a notice forbidding bathing. Often, no doubt, our readers have been indignant to find such a notice at Dinard or at Trouville, and, in their indignation, have denounced the said authorities as grandmotherly, and so forth. Grandmotherly caution, however, has its valuable no less than its exasperating qualities. For what was the experience of the bathers? Mr. Fordham, a Hertfordshire gentleman, and a strong swimmer, "felt a strong ground swell pulling him under," and saw Miss Foster, who was a fair swimmer, knocked under by a great wave; Mr. Baley, of Walton-on-Thames, "saw her doubled up by a huge wave." Miss Foster, unhappily, did not survive to relate her experiences. But the sad story leaves it all too plain that all these people quite underrated the force and the danger of a heavy breaking sea. Nothing is more exhilarating and delightful than the crash of the foaming surges as they break over head and shoulders, or than riding the rolling waves where the water is deeper; but save to a strong swimmer the pastime is always dangerous, and a little grandmotherly legislation on the part of local authorities would be no bad thing. As matters stand, one can but offer deep sympathy to an afflicted family.

Mr. George Curzon no doubt owes his appointment to the Vice-Royalty of India—which Mr. *Punch* celebrated in quite the worst cartoon of the year—largely to his persistence in travelling in those parts of the world in which complications were most likely to arise, and in relation to which local knowledge was likely to be most useful. Another Member of Parliament, whose abilities, as his contemporaries at New College, Oxford, well know, are at least equal to those of Mr. Curzon, travels with equal earnestness, and in countries where valuable information is to be obtained. He is Mr. E. R. P. Moon, who represents

North St. Pancras. Having once or twice paid long visits to China; Mr. Moon will spend the present recess in Russia. Unfortunately, he is as modest as he is clever, and writes no books. If he would consent to do so, Parliament would soon learn that in this quiet and reserved Member it possesses a man of extraordinary ability. Mr. Geoffrey Drage, another young Member of Parliament, has also, like Odysseus, seen many men and cities.

The celebrated Mrs. Aria has been letting out the secrets of the wardrobe. "I know several women," she says, "whose dress allowance is £1,500 a year, and they get through the money quite comfortably, and without making any great show for it." "There is food for reflection here," says the *Westminster Gazette* truly. But, when all is said and done, what harm is there in it, having regard to the conditions of the world in which we live. Stern moralists and political economists may denounce such expenditure; but we buy costly pictures and reliques, we spend hundreds on rare editions of books and upon all sorts of things which are not productive of anything save innocent pleasure. A beautiful woman is the most delightful spectacle in the world. Let us not grudge due setting to her beauty. If, having £1,500 for allowance, she spends £2,000, there is trouble; but so long as she keeps within her limit, she delights the eye and provides artistic employment for a number of humbler persons. If the world of men and women were content with the bare necessities of life, another view would present itself; but how unspeakably dull that world would be.

It is a very odd story that comes from Guildford concerning Holy Trinity Church. It appears that in the ordinary course renovations became necessary; a committee of renovation was appointed, and held consultation with a local architect; the architect's suggestions were accepted, and he was authorised to invite tenders and to accept the one which seemed to him most suitable. In fact, the whole matter was entrusted to his discretion. Now it appears that the accepted contractor is *papering* part of the church, and the vestry is up in arms. Neither rector, committee, nor churchwardens authorised the process, and a churchwarden telegraphs that he "never heard of papering a church." All the same, they handed themselves over, bound hand and foot, to the architect. After all, when once the novelty of the idea is overcome, it appears hardly necessary that the result should be unsuccessful. The vestry has resolved that "the architect had no right to depart from painting," but paint can be quite as ugly as paper, and the painter's trade is nearly as destructive to health as that of the matchmaker. Why not wait for the result? If the paper, about which there is nothing essentially unholy, is not a success, it can be stripped and paint can be substituted. No harm will have been done. The danger is not nearly so great as if frescoes, made in England, were being perpetrated; for they are usually a stain and a blemish of long duration.

A very interesting piece of excavation is now being made at Hampton Court, where the pipes laid down by Wolsey for supplying the Palace with water are being disclosed to light. The system thus uncovered reflects the greatest credit on the sixteenth century engineers. The water supply comes from springs in Coombe Hill, three miles distant, where it is collected in conduits; but it crosses the bed of the Thames in massive pipes half a mile above Kingston Bridge, and then passes up the Home Park to the Palace. The cost of the original enterprise is estimated at £50,000, and the pipes weigh 15lb. per foot. Altogether this is an interesting example of the thorough way in which the great Cardinal went to work.

There are already signs, in spite of the heat wave, that the season of our brief summer is about over, and one of the most significant in the manner in which the swallows are beginning to gather and chatter on the telegraph wires, the house-roofs, and all the bare perches on which they love to congregate. It seems, as the good Hans Andersen imagined, as if they were telling to each other, and to their little ones who have not passed through the experience, of the dreadful time of the cold winter that is to come in the land of their birth, when no flies, no insects, no food is to be found, so that they must fly Southward toward the sun into warmer countries. They twitter and chatter so before going off, that one can easily fancy they are talking of all this.

No one living in the country can have failed to notice the abundance of insect life this year. Wheat and hops are said to be much infested by blight and vermin; there is more than enough of green fly on our roses, and caterpillar innumerable have been making very free with many of our foliage trees. Moreover, when the lamps are lighted and the windows are open, the room quickly becomes alive with moths, mostly of the small many-plumed, or of the grass moth, kinds. And yet, singularly, it does not seem as if butterflies were very plentiful this year. Is this to be accounted for by the backwardness in growth of

those plants that support their larvæ? But if so, why should not the same argument imply a scarcity instead of a superabundance of moths? The general abundance of insect life, apart from the exceptions, it seems easy to give an account of. In the mild winter few perished of cold, and food for the insectivorous and omnivorous birds and small beasts was plentiful, so that those insects who were moderately prudent in selecting their winter domiciles escaped. But for the exceptional case of the butterflies it is harder to account. Wasps are not numerous either, but last year's scarcity in the wasp crop fully explains this. It must be a year or two before these striped marauders get their numbers up.

The only creatures in the country who do not seem to feel the heat, even in the piping times of mid-August, are the cocks, for they crow unceasingly even in the hottest hours of the hottest days. It may be that they have heard whispers of the projected patent which is to silence their town brothers in day's early hours. The invention—like all great ideas—seems to be simplicity itself. You adorn the tuneful bird with a sort of muzzle that permits the admission of food and drink, but prevents the emission of much sound; and only he who has seen at close range a sea-gull in the act of screaming can realise how wide open must be the mouth if the sound is to satisfy the singer. If the invention is successful, it is clear that Carlyle lived and died too soon. Country cocks are clearly justified in "crowing over" urban brothers.

Some remarks in a letter by Mr. Aflalo to the *Times* come very pat to the occasion just now, and we owe no apology to our readers for giving them every possible publicity, referring to the numbers of sharks, of the porbeagle and other species, that are at present round the southern and south-western coasts of our island. Especially Mr. Aflalo has found them numerous in that twenty-fathom depth of the sea from the Land's End to Plymouth, and especially are they in evidence on those still hot summer days when the cool and placid surface of the sea is particularly inviting for a plunge in from a boat. These sharks are of a size that makes them really dangerous, and their aggressiveness is shown by instances that Mr. Aflalo quotes from personal experience. And if one man is able so to speak of a portion of the coast that has come under his own observation, a not very dissimilar state of things, and sharks, may be inferred to exist elsewhere.

The truth is that we, who are accused, and with some justice, of being a nation of grumblers, are at the same time very apt to pride ourselves a little too serenely on our immunity from some of the pests that infest less-favoured lands. There is a conviction that we have no sharks—only dog-fish; that we have no snakes whose bite is dangerous—only adders, whose bite may indeed cause discomfort, but nothing more; no mosquitoes, but only "stinging gnats." The truth of the case is, that if these pests are less formidable with us than in the tropics, they have a very real existence nevertheless. We have some four kinds of sharks liable to occur on our coasts, five species of indigenous mosquitoes, and the bite of the adder is not only dangerous, but very likely to prove fatal. It would be, no doubt, the height of ingratitude to underrate the blessings of our comparative immunity, but it is the height of folly to shut our eyes to the existence of real dangers. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and it is especially in such exceptionally hot days as some of those in the middle of this August that these nasty things, that seem to belong more properly to the tropics, are likely to be in evidence in our temperate climate. The poison of the adder and of the mosquito, and the voracity of the shark, are all liable to increase with the increased height of the temperature.

The present season seems to be one of singular exceptions. It is not long ago that we referred to the shortness of the barley straw in some parts of the country. Against this we have to put the fact that the wheat straw is of very abnormal length, not only in some parts, but generally, and this although the adjoining field may have yielded a barley crop of unusually short straw. And, again, in some parts of England the nut crop, both in hedges and gardens, is very well up to the average; in others there is scarcely a nut. Apples in the East of England are a good crop, and apricots have done unusually well. Late strawberries have been good, but early strawberries were a comparative failure. It has been an uncommonly good season for peas. Most of the herbaceous things in gardens have flowered bravely, but they have been late in flowering. The general record is a curiously broken one.

It really rather looks as if the coincidence between the gigantic scores and the heat wave were evidence in support of the view that cricket is much a matter of climate. We have

heard it urged before, especially in apology for our moderate British fielding, as compared with that of the Australians. Certainly we have had something like record heat, and absolutely record scoring. Yorkshire, with Brown and Tunncliffe, banged all previous records to pieces—score for first wicket, score for any single wicket, score of the side for the season; and there is not the slightest doubt that Brown, when he came out, thought he held a record for the season's individual scores which no one would touch; only, unfortunately for him, and most curiously, Hayward, the same day, was carrying out his bat for 315, being fifteen runs more than Brown made. And all this, to say nothing of Abel's 200 early in the same week, and sundry unconsidered centuries, was done in the hottest of the heat wave. If it is only coincidence it is curious, but we fancy that it must be just a little more—that in truth the heat is a *vera causa* of the high scoring. Muscles and joints are so supple, and perhaps what is politely called "the action of the skin" has an effect in making the eye clear and the ball look large.

We are in a position now to know something about the grouse this year; the next subject that invites speculation is the prospect with the partridges. The grouse we have proved to be good—not astonishingly good, but good. On the other hand, the partridges are not going to be up to that mark by a long way, unless keepers' prognostications are more gloomy than they have any need to be. In all that famous country about Six Mile Bottom the young birds have suffered sadly from the cold and wet, and the sport is not going to be good. On the very dry Norfolk and Suffolk soils birds have escaped more lightly; and in districts that are not generally so greatly considered as the partridge-shooters' specially happy hunting grounds, the hunter who is content with humbler prospects is more likely to find them realised. But on the whole the little brown birds are not as many as they ought to be.

In past years the West of England autumn regattas have been but poorly attended by racing boats of the larger classes, but this season's prospects are decidedly brighter, for nearly all the big boats left for the Westward at the conclusion of the Solent regattas. A noticeable exception, however, is Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing's *Rainbow*, which is being dismantled at Southampton. The largest class, and the 65-footers, finished their Solent racing at the Royal Albert Regatta, where the Duc d'Abruzzi's *Bona* greatly distinguished herself, but the Island Sailing Club of Cowes gave a race for the 52-footers on Wednesday of last week. A good entry was obtained, for all the boats of the class now in the South competed. The match proved to be rather a one-sided affair, for Mr. J. Gretton's Southampton-built *Eldred* secured the best of the start, and kept on improving her position, at length winning with over seven minutes in hand. When the racing fleet arrived at Weymouth, they had rather a rough time, and the gale of Thursday night and Friday morning compelled them to seek shelter in the Harbour of Refuge at Portland, where *Aurora* fouled the German-built *Kommodore*, the latter in turn colliding with Mr. C. A. Allan's 52-footer *Forsa*, with the result that considerable damage was done.

Our hearty congratulations to a certain "full-grown white duck" at Kew, hereafter to be known as *Jonah*; for she has spent some time in the jaws of death, yet she lives to quack. We know her sex, for the quack is recorded, reminding us of the confusion of a boastful sportsman who boasted that he had picked a mallard out of a badelynge of wild ducks by its quack. Hearken to the adventures of the duck at Kew. On the ornamental water there is a new and unmannerly pelican, substituted for one that was shot a short time ago. That pelican seized the duck, got her into his or her pouch alive and whole, and spent several disturbed minutes in trying to swallow her. The other pelicans, versed in the etiquette of the place, looked on in horror. At last, after showing now a wing and now a leg, the duck escaped and swam away pursued by the bird of the wilderness. We remember an even more Providential escape. A large conger eel—6ft. long—was being dissected by a protesting cook, when the writer, its captor, was alarmed by loud screams. Entering the temple of cookery, he found a large crab walking warily out of the innermost recesses of the eel, which had been cut in half. That crab was evidently meant by Providence to live, and he was carried carefully to his native element.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

MRS. COLTMAN ROGERS, whose portrait we give this week, is the wife of Mr. Charles Colman Rogers, of Stanage Park, Radnorshire, which county he represented in Parliament, for a while, in the Liberal interest. Mrs. Colman Rogers is a daughter of the late Major F. B. Chapman, 14th Hussars, and many of our readers will remember, no doubt, a very beautiful picture of her by Mr. Watts, exhibited a few years ago in the New Gallery.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT has become the patriotic practice of the successful promoters of newspaper enterprise to equip at their own cost and to carry out in the most complete fashion great exploring expeditions. Indeed it is not too much to say that, if it had not been for private adventures of this public-spirited kind, supported by gentlemen of the class named, Great Britain would have been left far behind in the field of Arctic exploration. As it is, she runs other nations hard in the frozen North, and now, through the generous enterprise of Sir George Newnes in sending out the Borchgrevink Expedition, to pierce and to reveal the secrets of Antarctic Nature, there is every chance that a ship built in a British shipyard at the expense of a large-minded Englishman may place Great Britain at the head of the list of countries which add to the sum of human knowledge by unselfish exploration. Here comes a point which must be made clear. The object of this costly and carefully-planned voyage is, as all those who have the honour of knowing Sir George Newnes are well aware, purely unselfish. Those persons who do not know him may be reminded that it is practically impossible that any result other than additions to the stock of scientific knowledge or any commercial profit can follow upon the voyage of the Southern Cross. What there may be in the *terra incognita* guarded by the almost impregnable bulwarks of ice and by the terrible storms characteristic of the Antarctic Ocean, no human being has the slightest idea. We can but hazard vague conjectures, based upon the little that is known of the sea and land, often indistinguishable from one another, which surround the North Pole. But these guesses after truth are more than likely to be entirely mistaken, and the truth of the matter is that Borchgrevink and his devoted associates, all connected with British or Colonial institutions, are endeavouring to draw away the dark veil of ignorance from the face of an absolutely unknown and probably terrible land. There the frozen earth may be seamed with gold and studded with diamonds and rubies; but that is in the last degree unlikely, and it is not in any such hope that Lieutenant Colbeck of the Royal Navy, Dr. Sharp and Mr. Hugh Blackwell Evans, the zoologists, Mr. Hanson Nicolai of the British Museum, and Mr. Bernacchi of the Melbourne Observatory, are setting forth upon their arduous travels. Their motto, their guiding principle, is the noble saying that the price of wisdom is above rubies; yet one word more would we say before mentioning one or two facts of importance in connection with the equipment of the



W. Plank.

MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK.

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expedition. This adventure, necessarily hazardous, although every human precaution has been taken to provide for the safety and the comfort of the voyagers, is distinctly not foolhardy, as that of poor Andrée in his ill-fated balloon was. It has been organised by a magnanimous man; it will be carried to a successful end, be it hoped, by brave and skilful men, in a practical spirit. All men must wish it success.

The Southern Cross—surely no happier name was ever chosen—is a barque-rigged vessel with an auxiliary screw, and the designer has had in his mind throughout the lines and structure of Nansen's famous Fram. Upon that vessel he hopes that he has improved in various details. She is 146.5ft. long, 30.7ft. in the beam, and 17.6ft. deep, and is of 481 tons register. Also she is without doubt the most pachydermatous of peaceful vessels, for her bows are of oak and 11ft. thick, and her sides are 3ft. thick in the thinnest part, and outside all this she has an overcoat, so to speak, of American greenheart. She can certainly stand a great deal of crushing, and she will want all the strength she has, for little as we know of the Antarctic Ocean, the expedition of Sir James Clark Ross in 1841 and the invasions of that sea by the Challenger, show that its embrace is liable to be rigid, constraining, and unrelenting.

Since the expedition is not expected to return to these shores until the year 1900, and very little is known as to the opportunities of obtaining fresh meat, the matter of making food provision has necessarily occupied a great deal of attention. But in this respect the modern explorer is at a very great advantage by comparison with those who have gone before, for scurvy can now almost be defied. The preservation of flesh foods, and the methods of concentrating the essential strength of victuals, are a great step; but even more important is the immense improvement which has taken place in the bottling and tinning of vegetable foods, without which man is always liable to the terrible and fatal attacks of the disease which sailors have almost forgotten to dread, although formerly it was the scourge of their class. On this department of provisions great care and thought has been expended, to say nothing of money, and the adventurers are sure to be able, in old-fashioned phrase, to keep a good table. For clothing Sir George Newnes has had recourse to the Military Equipment Stores, an establishment which had its origin in the veteran volunteer, Captain Tompkins, of the Victoria Rifles, the inventor of the Tortoise tents and of an excellent field cooking



IN THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY.

waggon. Much equipment comes from the same source. Let us survey an explorer in his winter kit by day. If the snow be soft he will stand upon Canadian snow-shoes, if hard upon Norwegian ski. His high sea-boots will be fur-lined, with leather soles; his under-clothing will be covered by *fimis* or overalls of reindeer skin, not worn on the principle adopted by the mythical Brian O'Lynn, for "the hairy side out and the skinny side in" may serve for Ireland, but not for the Antarctic. Wolf-skin gloves, with leathern palms, and Samoyed fox-skin caps will complete his dress. In summer he will wear a suit of white duffle, such as the sportsman Hawker recommended for wild-fowling, and sometimes a brown leather jacket lined with flannel. He will sleep in a reindeer sleeping bag, his feet being further encased in sleeping stockings of the same material.

Since the expedition is to be amphibious, as indeed is necessary, capital provision has been made for travelling by sledge. Little green rot-proof tents will be carried, male bamboo alpenstocks, poles for marking positions, alpine rope, ice-spikes for hummocky surfaces, ice axes, snow goggles, ingeniously combined spades, picks, hammers, and shovels, folding lanterns of tin and talc, will also be carried in great abundance; and we note that aluminium, the lightest of metals, is utilised for the cooking stoves.

But the most important adjunct of the sledging operations, the dogs, which are prominent in our illustrations, remain yet to be mentioned. They are a fine pack, or perhaps one ought to say many fine teams, of Samoyed dogs, and they are the first collection of those dogs ever introduced to England. To collect them cost Dr. Russell Jeaffreson a long and arduous journey, and to bring them into England at the end, in the face of the regulations of the Agricultural Department, was a matter of great difficulty. Dr. Jeaffreson's dog-collecting expedition took him to the country of the Samoyeds. It took him near to the source of the Petchora, to Ust Penega, and to Ust Zemla. It involved a journey of 800 miles across the White Desert, and it brought him into contact with Dr. Nansen's brother, who was of considerable assistance. At last, and with many struggles, Dr. Jeaffreson succeeded in getting his dogs through to Hull from Hango; and a very fine lot they are. Their food, like that of Nansen's dogs, is supplied by Spratt's patent, and includes their cod-liver oil biscuits. Let us wish that they may, one and all, have better luck than fell to the lot of Nansen's canine friends



SAMOYED DOGS.



THE DOGS AT CATERHAM.

who, after hard and honest work, were cooked and eaten. So the tale of equipment is complete, and the tale of adventure and courage begins. The expedition has started to the accompaniment of hearty good wishes from all honest Englishmen. Its founder and a number of invited guests gave it a grand "send off" on Friday of last week. May those brave and devoted men prosper in their heroic voyage; may they return one and all from their struggles with Nature in her sternest mood in unimpaired strength and spirits; may they succeed in adding to the store of human knowledge facts and phenomena carefully observed. No such observations are made in vain, although their practical value may not be obvious at the first blush; and the man who renders it possible for them to be taken deserves to be honoured by his countrymen, and still more by his Australian fellow-subjects, who are likely to be most immediately benefited.

Golden Wedding of Lord and Lady Leigh.

EXACTLY half a century ago the Hon. William Henry Leigh, then a young man of twenty-four years of age, married Lady Caroline Amelia Grosvenor. He was the eldest son of the first Lord Leigh, the title having been created in 1839, and the lady of his choice was daughter of the second Marquess of Westminster, and a sister of the present Duke of Westminster. The Hon. William Henry Leigh succeeded his father at Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth, in the County of Warwick, two years later, and at Stoneleigh Abbey, a noble house situated in one of leafy Warwickshire's loveliest and most spacious parks, they celebrated their golden wedding this week. If the event can hardly be described as having been one of national importance, it was none the less one of a typical character, and by no means wanting in significance as an illus-

tration of the ramifications of influence possessed by our great families, and of the manner in which the owner of a large landed estate may do much good in his generation without bulking very largely in the public eye. Lord Leigh is a Privy Councillor, and, no doubt, has done political work in his day, but primarily, and essentially, he is one of those influential country gentlemen who feel in the fullest measure that great territorial wealth involves not only national but also local responsibilities. It has been known to be said of a nobleman—who is none the less one of the happiest and sunniest-tempered men in the world—"his Lordship has many houses, but no home." That particular nobleman does his duty, financially and by proxy, to tenants in many counties; but he is hardly known to them by sight, and his agent is his master and theirs. London,

politics, pleasure divert his attention from the counties in which his estates lie. Nothing of that sort can be said of Lord Leigh. He is the very life and centre of the County of Warwickshire, of which he is Lord Lieutenant. He takes an eager and assiduous interest in the affairs of the county; he is honorary colonel of its Militia; he is to the fore in all good movements in the district, his noble park is always placed at the disposal of the Volunteers; his dignified figure is almost always to be seen at the Speech Day celebration at Rugby School. Wise magistrate, just and generous landlord, he is essentially a county man of a type invaluable to England; and it is particularly appropriate, nay, it could hardly have been Lord and Lady Leigh's golden wedding otherwise, that village rejoicings should play a prominent part in the pleasant and interesting ceremonial.

When the list of the house-party assembled at Stoneleigh Abbey is studied it is easy to see how men of Lord Leigh's position are born also with an almost instinctive knowledge of great affairs. Present are, in the first place, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the former not active, but none the less steadfast, in politics, and given to leading and supporting sympathetic movements upon a colossal scale. Present also are the Earl and Countess of Jersey, Lord Leigh's daughter, married to a zealous and valuable servant of the public, who has done yeoman's service to his country at home and in the colonies. Lord Norton, almost as well known as Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, was also among the guests at the Abbey and at the garden-party. Consider, again, how Lord Leigh's sons and relatives have served the country, and taken their part in shaping its destinies. His eldest son lost his life by an accident, but was a Member of the House of Commons. His third son fought in Afghanistan, Egypt, and Bechuanaland, and has been aide-de-camp to two Governors of New South Wales. A fourth is a barrister. Truly our aristocratic families lead no idle and purposeless lives, but do



H. W. Whitlock.

STONELEIGH ABBEY.

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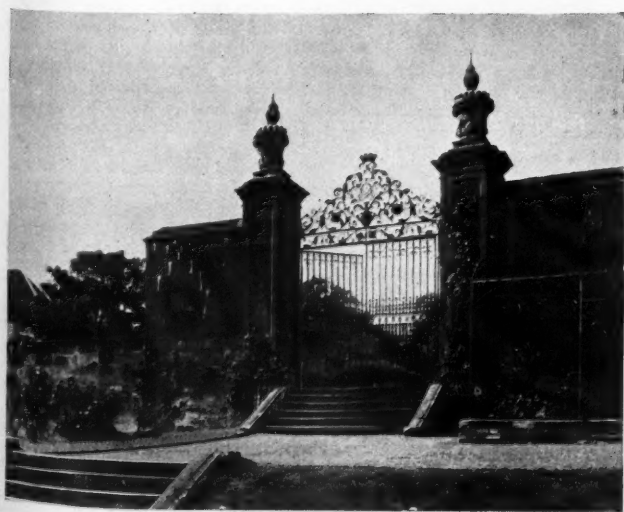


THE ROSE GARDEN.

their work in their generation. Truly the fiftieth anniversary of a stately peer and his dame—instinct with the spirit of duty and kindness, beloved by rich and poor, respected by all, as these two are—is a golden occasion meet to be celebrated in golden August sunshine by all parts of the country.

NOTES FROM THE CAPE.

IN a letter, dated the end of July, just received from a correspondent who is travelling at the Cape for the benefit of his health, the following remarks, which we believe will be of interest to floriculturists, and therefore gladly publish, occur:—"The scenery of Durban and the locality is magnificent, and I can imagine none more beautiful in the world. The Flora, too, is grand. The begonias average 5ft. in height, and the bougainvilleas 20ft., and are in bloom all the year round, the latter being one glorious mass of purple. Coleus and many extraordinary foliage plants and ferns exist in apparently endless variety. The common canna is a weed, and all the latest florists' varieties flourish and are very popular here. Then, just now (the end of July) the citron family is in full fruit, and at early morning time the air is sweet with the scent of ripe oranges, to be replaced shortly by the orange blossoms. Oranges are now falling off the trees in thousands, and rotting on the ground. Then there are the sweet lemons, naartjes, limes, and lemons. The sweet lemon is unknown in England. It is somewhat larger than the ordinary lemon; the same shape, but the colour is orange, and the flavour that of a lemon with all the sourness eliminated. The naartje is the Tangerine orange. The mango is in flower, and the flaming blossoms of the hibiscus are to be seen in every garden. Roses, too, are plentiful, and if one wishes to make a bouquet, one has but to walk a few yards, and *Asparagus plumosus nanus* can be found growing wild. Pine-apples are almost as cheap as oranges in England, and bananas are ten a penny. Altogether, it is a beautiful country for flowers and fruit, but the terrible humid heat tells on all with weak chests unmercifully. Though a little too hot in the day, it is cool at night, and it is not desirable to be out after five o'clock, by which hour it is pitch dark. Yet in the early morning you will see people with blue noses rubbing their hands to keep them warm."



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THE GARDEN GATES.

"C.L."

The late Mathew Dawson.

IT was our painful task last week to allude to the loss of a prominent and respected member of the racing world, in Mr. S. H. Hyde, the secretary of Kempton Park race-course. This week, again, we have to pay a tribute to the memory of one who had not only been identified throughout a long and blameless life with all that is best in our national sport, but had also made his name a by-word all the world over as being a past-master of his own art, that of training race-horses, and a man of the strictest honour and integrity. It is not so many years ago that Mathew Dawson, Lord Falmouth, and Fred Archer were an almost invincible combination, and now all are gone. To enumerate the big winners which were sent out from Heath House in those days would fill a volume, and even after the death of his great patron, old "Mat" showed that he still retained his skill by his successes with such as Melton, St. Simon, Minting, and Ladas. I have often thought, too, that he was the only trainer living who could have won the Derby with such a moderate colt as Sir Visto. He began his phenomenally successful career as private trainer to Lord Eglington, and a few years later, having set up for himself, had charge, among others, of Lord J. Scott's horses.



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MR. MATHEW DAWSON.

"C.L."

In 1858, Mathew Dawson went to Russley to take charge of Mr. Merry's string, for whom he at once began to win important events. In 1866, Mr. Dawson went to Newmarket, and settled at Heath House, where for close upon twenty years he continued to show that for judgment and ability in sending horses to the post at their very best, and trained to the hour almost, he had no equal in the world. At that time, the Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle were among his patrons, and he won the Cesarewitch with Julius, under the highest weight that any three year old had ever carried successfully; whilst Wild Oats and Speculum also did good service for the stable. It was in 1868 that he became associated with Lord Falmouth, and so began the combination which carried all before it for so many years; and when, in 1884, Lord Falmouth sold off all his horses, and retired from the Turf, the master of Heath House trained for the Dukes of Portland and St. Albans, Lords Londonderry and Hastings, and Mr. R. Vyner.

Mathew Dawson, who was at last beginning to feel the effects of the labours and responsibilities of years, installed his nephew, George Dawson, in his place at Heath House, and himself moved to Exning. He still continued, however, to occasionally superintend the preparation of some particular horse, and in 1893 and 1894 he won most of the principal classic events with Lord Rosebery's Ladas. Perhaps his most remarkable

feat of all was winning the Derby and St. Leger of 1895 with Sir Visto. After that the emperor of trainers finally retired, loaded with honours, from all active share in the sport in connection with which he had spent so honourable and distinguished a career. Of the classic races, six Derbys, five Oaks, six St. Legers, five One Thousands, and five Two Thousands, had fallen to his share. Alas! he has left us now for good and all, at the ripe old age of seventy-eight, the whole of his long life having been spent, as a good man's life should be, in doing his duty honestly, manfully, and thoroughly. OUTPOST.

LITERARY NOTES.

MORE than one of the purely literary papers make a practice of inquiring, with the aid of metropolitan and provincial booksellers, how the public taste is running in matters literary—in other words, of finding out what books are in strongest demand. The results are distinctly encouraging, for not only is the public fancy fixed upon the best of the new books, but also, it is plain, the older books have by no means lost their hold. Editions of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray sell well. Lamb's "Elia," Ruskin's "Frondees Agrestes," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Fielding's "Tom Jones," are in constant demand. From Hastings alone comes a wail of distress. "The very low-priced editions of most of the popular standard novels sold by the drapers, etc.," has interfered greatly with the sale (by booksellers) of the novels of Sir Walter Besant, Miss Braddon, and Ouida.

No man or woman of proper feeling will refuse a tribute of sympathy to the booksellers. They are a most deserving class, and in their quiet, intelligent way they have done a great deal for the cultivation of literary taste among the people. But sympathy is all that can be offered. Cheapness and portability in books will always be sought after by the public, particularly in holiday time, and the more far-seeing among the publishers, Messrs. Newnes, Cassell, Macmillan, and others, have been quick to recognise the necessity of meeting the public wishes in this respect. Instead of sitting moaning, with clasped hands, over the wickedness of the drapers, they meet them on their own ground with sixpenny and even penny editions of selected novels. These, which are excellently equipped, command a huge sale, and I do not wonder at it. One wants to read sometimes even when on outdoor pleasure intent, but one has a respect and affection for handsome and substantial volumes. One cannot take a beautifully bound and illustrated book to the hammock in the orchard, to be glanced at on the deck of a yacht, or lie reading it in a punt under the whispering willows by the river-side. To do so were a kind of sacrilege. But these editions are so trifling in cost that one may buy them as freely as newspapers. Yet the intelligent amusement they give to us is as great as if they were bound in vellum and tree-calf, ornamented with a book plate, and profusely illustrated. The cheap publishers have done good service to literature.

Positively the first book which I had the pleasure of mentioning in COUNTRY LIFE was Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," which I had read with fascinated interest in January of 1897. It is gratifying to learn that this interest was shared not only by the reviewers, who often move in flocks like sheep, but by the public at large. No less than twenty-nine large editions, a record number, have been published in the interval, and another, in one volume, is shortly to appear.

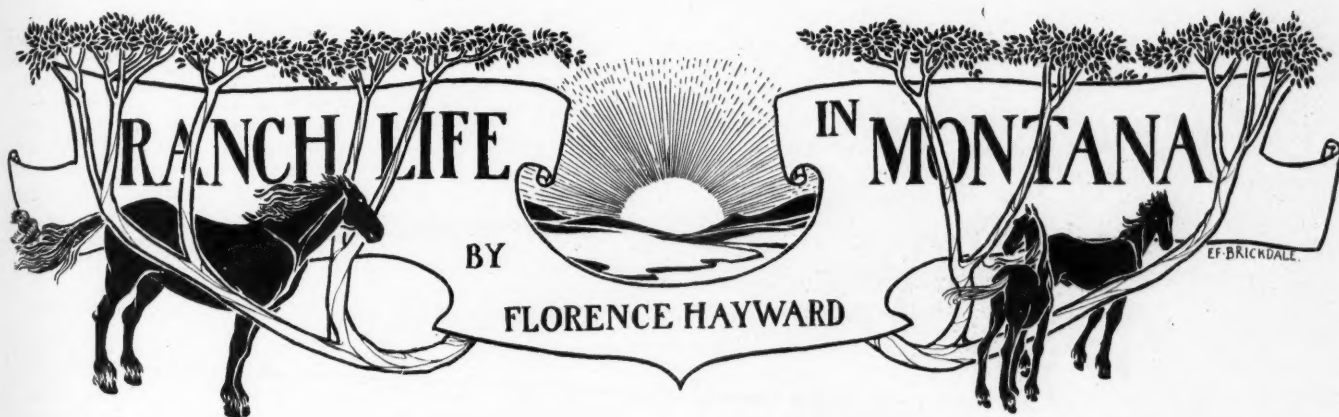
Simultaneously comes the news that the great publishing house of Bentley, which secured this substantial triumph in bringing out Lord Roberts's great book, will soon be no longer known among the publishers. Circulars announce that it is to be amalgamated with the house of Macmillan, which established itself not long ago in a literary palace of unexampled magnificence. Difficult as is the business life of many publishers, it would be wrong to draw any inference as to the state of the publishing trade from this considerable event. Mr. George Bentley, who was the life and soul of the business, died so recently as 1895, and left a large fortune. When, therefore, the *Academy* says, "Mr. Richard Bentley, who is keenly interested in scientific pursuits, has decided not to battle longer with the altered conditions of the publishing trade and the competition of younger firms," the impression left is that Mr. Richard Bentley has been driven out of the field, and that, I am convinced, is quite wrong. Mr. Bentley is a man of science, and his means are ample; but it can hardly be the case that his tastes are also sympathetic with the class of literature for which the Burlington Street house has been famous. Miss Rhoda Broughton, Ouida, light novelists innumerable, masters and mistresses of what *Literature* calls "the graceful, 'hare-brained sentimental' muse of light and amorous fiction," passed to the public gaze through the doors of Bentley's. If Mr. Richard Bentley had changed the tone of the house, he would probably have ruined it; if he had continued that tone, he would have been like a brewer or distiller leading a total abstinence crusade—not that this position is unknown in politics. The business of a great publisher cannot be conducted entirely by subordinates, though it may be conducted through them. Read the records of the house of Murray, have dealings with any of the principal publishers now, and you will soon find out how much personal attention is given by the head of the house. How could a man of science waste laborious hours on "Good-bye, Sweetheart" or "Two Little Wooden Shoes"?

Books to be anticipated with interest are Miss Kingsley's "West African Studies," Mr. William le Queux's "Blood Royal," Mr. Blountelle-Burton's romance in *Navy and Army Illustrated*, "The Life and Letters of Dr. Edward Thring," that great head-master of Uppingham (Macmillan), Mr. Andrew Balfour's "To Arms" (Methuen), a romance of the Rebellion of 1715, and Mr. Kipling's "The Day's Work."

Books to order from the library:—

- "Sirdar and Khalifa." Bennet Burleigh. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "With Stoddart's Team in Australia." Prince Ranjitsinhji. (Bowden.)
- "The Celibates Club." I. Zangwill. (Heinemann.)
- "Sir Henry Lawrence." Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, V.C. (Clarendon Press.)
- "In the Cage." Henry James. (Duckworth.)
- "The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius." (Temple Classics. Dent.)
- "Lady Mary and the Dark House." Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Bowden.)

LOOKER-ON.



"No, sir; we aint civilised out in the cow country—not to hurt. I've about come to the conclusion that civilisation don't mean a thing but taking care of a whole parcel of things you don't need, on account of the opinion of a whole lot of people you don't care about."—*From the remarks of Hornsilver Smith.*

WHEN the matinée performance of Walla-Walla Jim and Piebiter and the bronchos was over, I asked Hornsilver Smith what else there was to see.

"Lots," he replied readily, but over his face passed the expression of countenance of a man who suddenly realises that a note of his has fallen due and that he has not the wherewithal to meet it.

"I don't see anything around here," I said, looking at the large and empty landscape, the vacant, expressionless sky, the unenterprising cattle, the sentry-like cowboys; it was the kind of scene in which nothing seemed to be happening.

"Ever see a night-hawk in his nest?" asked Hornsilver Smith. "Well then, I'll show you one."

"You might scare it up and let me get a shot at it," I ventured. He seemed amused at the idea, and to my indignation said:

"Your best chance for a shot is with your kodak, before he's scared up. Come on, he's over there where those cotton-woods are."

As we rode over, I had an opportunity to judge from the appearance of my shadow how unbeautiful must be my looks. In place of a habit I had a poncho wrapped around me, cabby fashion, after I got into the saddle; and instead of wearing a hat I had retired into the seclusion of a green and white checked sun-bonnet, with cardboard "slats" to stiffen it, and a voluminous curtain, like the valance of a bed, that covered my neck and shoulders. Anybody who might wish to see my face would have to look down a cotton-print tunnel to do it, and looking, would have beheld me guiltless of fringe and with a fine coating of vaseline on my nose to keep it from peeling as it sun-burned. If I looked as I undoubtedly did after this short time in the back-sliding West, what would I be in a year? On the other hand, if by any chance we remained a year—which would mean remaining the rest of our lives—what difference did it make how I looked? Hornsilver Smith's voice broke in upon my meditations.

"There's the night-hawk," he announced, nodding his head, not upwards towards the cotton-wood's branches, but downwards at the ground. There, thrown together in a heap, I saw a poncho, a saddle, a quirt, a bridle, a hat, spurs, a lariat, a pistol, some bedding under a tarpaulin, and, incidentally, a man asleep. I had always associated sleep—when I could get it—with elaborate darkenings of windows and closings of doors, with much smoothing of sheets, much turning and patting of pillows; this gentleman was achieving it very successfully, not only with no bed to speak of, but with daylight so broad and fierce, fairly boring through his eyelids, that it must have been the equivalent of a thundering noise.

"That's him, that's a sure night-hawk," reiterated Hornsilver Smith; "you didn't expect to see a bird standing on a bough

and saying tweet while you photographed him, did you? 'Cause he aint built that way."

"Would he mind my photographing him if he knew it?"

"Wy, mostly the boys do, except the right young ones. You see the older ones don't ever know what minute they might shoot a man or something and have to make tracks out of the country, and then it's better not to have your picture circulating around. That's the way they look at it."

"What does a night-hawk do besides sleep?" I asked; the ability to do so under the present circumstances seemed an accomplishment in itself.

"He's got what I call the hardest job of any man in the outfit, on account of its cutting him out of any society at all. I've come to the conclusion that I wouldn't be a night-hawk and cut myself out of the chance of talking to—anybody I wanted to talk to, not for 4,000dol. a month." Here he essayed a speaking glance down the calico tunnel aforementioned, but as I only had to turn my head about one degree



THE NIGHT-HAWK IN HIS NEST.

for the sun-bonnet to wipe him out of view, his effort was a failure, and he went on, "He's the boy takes the horses from the wrangler about eight o'clock and has them in charge till the next morning. His work comes in when everybody else is asleep, and he has to do his sleeping while everybody else is awake; so you see, as far as ever really seeing people and talking to them is concerned, he might just as well be dead."

"Is that his horse standing over there, not tied?"

"Wy no; don't you see that horse is saddled, and here's the night-hawk's saddle lying right by him. This aint his time for doing a thing but sleeping."

"Then whose horse is it, and why do they leave him standing around loose like that?" I enquired. I felt that in noticing that the pony was not tied I was becoming quite observant. Hornsilver Smith looked at me compassionately.

"You are coming to a dangerous place in what you know about ranching—the place where you think you know something about it. That cow pony is doing just what nine ponies

out of ten do to keep themselves from straying off when they aint tied; he's standing on the lines."

"What lines?"

"What lines? Great Jumpiter! Wy, the lines from the bridle, the reins, you call 'em. When a cowboy gets off his horse he just trails the lines down on the ground and the pony stands his front feet on them, and there he stays just any time a-tall, same as if he was hobbled or hitched. If he *should* start to go, him treading on the lines gives the bit a jerk that jobs him in the mouth, and that hauls him up in short order."

"I should think he'd have sense enough to step off the reins—I mean the lines—instead of on them."

"Well, that's just what he hasn't got. A cow pony standing on the lines is just exactly like a man that's shut his coat tail in the front door and then hasn't got sense enough to use his latch-key—just stands there wondering, like a blame idiot. I bet that's what that pony's doing now."

"He does look stupid. Do you know, I don't think horses have half as much sense as we give them credit for. We have got into a way of thinking that just because they associate with us so much, they *must* have more sense than other animals."

"Well, I never thought that sense was specially catching, but I reckon may be it is. Anyhow, I know horses are the stupidest animals they is."

"You think so, too, do you?"

"Think so? I know so. Wy, do you think if I was a horse I'd work? No siree, that's what I wouldn't. If I was a horse, and as strong as a horse is, and knew as much as we give him credit for knowing, before I'd let a man make me work I'd—I'd—"

"What would you do?"

"Well, I'd see him a deputy second assistant brevet sub-lieutenant in hell first, that's what I would. Excuse me for saying it, but I haven't swore for a week, and it had to boil over, or me just spontaneously combust, sure."

"It never struck me that you did work, even as it is, Mr. Hornsilver Smith; that is, not much. I have never seen you doing anything; you never seem to be particularly tired out and worn to the bone with work. But may be your's isn't the tiring



LIEBIG'S DILUTED.

sort?" I concluded, with a demi-semi interrogation point at the end. The only notice that Hornsilver Smith took of my attempted question was to look at me with an air of temporary, self-adjusting deafness as he said:

"I never told you about how Piebiter came to get his name, did I? Thought not. Well, of course that aint his real name, any more than my—any more than the other boys get called by their real names. Goodnight and Tranquillina Luna are the only ones that are. When Piebiter first came, his name in this section of country was Dutchy. He got 40dol. a month, same as the other boys. But he ett so much we changed his name to Roaring Lion—seeking what he might devour, you know—and the Supe said—"

"The Supe?"

"—erintendent—no, nothing to do with the cook—said that Roaring Lion got away with so much grub that he'd have to cut his wages down 5dol. So then we called him Thirty-five-'n' ett, and I reckon it hurt his feelings, cause he pitched in that month and ett more than any 5dol. worth extra. It amounted to him raising his own wages, without the Supe's sayso either. Then we called him Piebiter, and the name stuck."

"Is there anything else to see around here?"

"You put me in mind of that teacher that asked the little boy to spell pot. He said p-o-u-g-h-t, and do you know that teacher asked the poor little cuss if he couldn't manage to get in another letter."

"And could he?" I asked in my most bland and irritating voice.

"Yes, sir, he did," said Hornsilver triumphantly; "he said he'd forgot to put in a q, but that he meant to, all along. Now there's a new branding scheme over at the other pens; I been intending to show it to you all along. Would you like to see it now?"

"What's it like?" I asked cautiously.

"Well, it's pretty much on the principle of a sign I saw last time I was in Chicago. The dentist wanted you to know how quick he could work, and so he hung out a placard, 'Teeth pulled while you wait.'"

"He couldn't pull them very well if you didn't wait."

"Well, no; but that was the sign anyway, and you'll find this new-fashioned branding chute the same sort of general hurry-up-and-no-dam-foolishness."

I eventually found his description very much like all



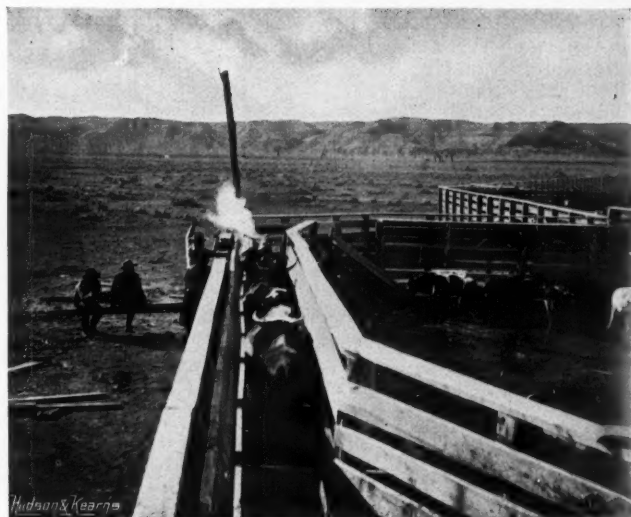
PIEBITER RAISING HIS WAGES.

descriptions—very good when you have seen the thing described, and no good at all until you do. The official cowboy name for it was the "squeezer branding chute." The cows were punched and hunched along down a narrow alley-way just wide enough for one cow at a time, so that there was no turning back after it had once started. At the far end of the chute the cow brought up against a barrier, and another barrier was let down behind it; when they were cribbed up this way it was an easy thing for the boys to reach over and do the necessary scarifying. There was no roping, no throwing down, also no picturesqueness. Hornsilver Smith said that if they went on getting out many more patent back-action improvements like that, it wouldn't be long before a cattle round-up and branding would be on a par with the pig-killing business in Chicago, where, he said, they put a live pig in at one end of the machinery, and hams and tooth-brushes and pigskin saddles came out at the other.

"As it is, even now," he said, "ranching is lowered from a profession to a business, just like politics, or gambling, or any other gentlemanly occupation. They all used to be done for the fun there was in it; now it's for revenue only—all three of them. Ranching's the worst of all; it's had the poetry knocked out of it, till now a herd of cattle don't mean anything but so many cups of bovril walking around the range. And when part of a bunch is drowned crossing a river, all it signifies is that your Liebig's is getting diluted a little ahead of time."



NEW-TIME BRANDING.



WORKING THE SQUEEZER.

"I shouldn't think you'd care," I said, consolingly; "you aren't a cowboy, you know."

"What makes you think I aint?"

"Oh, a lot of things; you are sun-burned all over your face, and cowboys are sun-burned all but their eyelids; they are white, you know, because they never look down—only straight ahead, looking out for the cows. Besides, cowboys are all bow-legged, and you aren't" (here Hornsilver looked pleased); "and they wear high-heeled boots to keep their feet from running through the stirrups—and you don't; and they all have little feet and hands, and you—er—well, your hands aren't a bit like a cowboy's" (here he ceased looking pleased quite suddenly); "and you don't wear gloves buttoned at the back; nor save up a cigar and light it just before you get into town; nor make your shirt puff out in the back and front when you want to look dressed up. I'm sure you are not a cowboy."

"No, I aint; and there's lots of other things I aint," said Hornsilver Smith; and with this enigmatic observation he seemed to have exhausted his power of conversation, and we rode gloomily, because silently, back to the ranch house. There I found Daddy in such a state of mind over the distance I had ridden that he undertook to talk to me like a mother, and I only induced him to stop by telling him that all he needed to make a perfect lady of him was a teagown and a few more "nerves."

(To be continued.)

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—III.

IT is a perpetual wonder to us of COUNTRY LIFE, who see Covent Garden often, and a standing triumph for our civilisation, that there is nothing seriously insaniary about our great fruit and vegetable garden and its surroundings. It is evident enough, from those pictures showing the unloading, and so on, of so much vegetable stuff, that there must be no small *débris* liable to swift decay in so central a square of our great city. And yet, thanks to excellent regulations, and frequent flushing with the water-hose, no one seems one penny the worse. It is said that naturalists, and in especial entomologists, have had many a good "find" in Covent Garden, whether of rare native insects or of imported samples; but the greater part of the marketable stuff is home-grown, or from the Channel or Scilly Islands, where bulbs, tomatoes, narcissus, and all kinds of floral productions come to ripeness earlier and more certainly than in the parts where frost is longer and later.

Such a market as this gives a deal of various work both to countrymen and Londoners. In a previous article of the series we have seen how the country-folk are occupied in providing for the market in their different departments of work in the field; and

in another article we gave illustrations of the waggons on their way to and fro between the market and the market-gardens. In the illustrations accompanying the present article are seen, first, a general view of the carts drawn up in the market square, and waiting to be unladen. Every horse has its reward for the



READY FOR UNLOADING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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successfully-accomplished toil of hauling up its burden of fruit, vegetables, or flowers through the early morning hours. Gratefully each horse's nose is thrust into its nose-bag, discussing its breakfast with a deal of gusto. The second picture shows a single cart, with more detail, a few minutes later, when the act of unloading is already in active progress.

Prices in this market, no less than in Capel Court, and every other market in the world, are subject to a brisk competition and to the laws of supply and demand. According to the supply and the demand the price is constantly shifting, and its regulation is a matter of eager and often very humorous bargaining between wholesale and retail dealers. By the time the article comes to the consumer he will generally submit to pay whatever price the retailer may choose to ask him. But here the haggling is brisk, and it will seem to many a school-boy that this business of buying in Covent Garden Market is a profession second to none—not even to the pastry-cook's or confectioner's—for inevitably it requires that a deal of the fruit should be "sampled" before being purchased; and the best possible test of good fruit is the palate. This is a trade for which "every school-boy," even if he falls short in some details of the specimens from whom Lord Macaulay drew his experience, feels himself qualified. Yet these unfortunate men, the dealers—on whose palates the taste of even these delectabilities has palled—taste often with a mere munching of the teeth and a subsequent expectation that grieves the properly appreciative soul of school-boyhood.

However, there are not many school-boys on the lookout for what luck may send them in the early hours that are the busy ones in Covent Garden. Covent Garden is busy while the school-boy is still fast asleep in bed, or is, at best, "crawling, like a snail, reluctantly to school"—crawling and reluctant, but yet in too great hurry, on account of the corporeal penalties exacted for being late, to waste a half-hour, even for the delights of Covent Garden. The most common specimen of a foreigner—a stranger, of a type that is not at home in Covent Garden—is a young masher who has driven out eastwards after a late party, and is taking Covent Garden on his way to bed. Here he will buy a bouquet, likely enough, of hot-house flowers to send to some young lady, and will boast, not a little, of the cheap rate at which he bought them, with much asseveration in the note of "You fellows don't know where



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to get flowers," and so on. But the real motive of his pleasure in the recital of his doings at Covent Garden is to show what a gay young dog he is, flower-buying when other young mashers are snoring. Such is the way of the world.

The amateur purchaser who goes to Covent Garden on a flower, fruit, or vegetable buying quest of this kind, does not, of course, get his wares nearly as cheaply as the professional retailer; but, on the other hand, he gets them a deal more cheaply than if he buys his flowers in Bond Street, or even at the street corners, or his fruit even from the Stores. The saving will at least pay the cab fare, and he will have a very jolly remembrance to carry away with him of a bright, novel, and variegated scene of life and colour, and a fresh scent of flowers and fruit. It is really worth getting up early, or sitting up late, for once in a while.

The hagglers—those who buy from the wholesalers and sell retail—work rather with their heads, their wits, than with their hands; but there is work to be done by those who prefer the simple hand-work to the brain-taxing head-work, in carrying the great hampers of vegetable produce from carts to stalls. Sometimes you see quite old men engaged in this business, so that you are inclined to wonder how they can bear the weights they carry. They appear quite borne down and bent under them. But, probably, if you could strip these old gentlemen and inspect their muscular developments, you would find that the carrying machinery was singularly enlarged, whatever that carrying

machinery may be. Rather bowed legs, much muscle in the small of the back, and a remarkably callous shoulder are the characteristics that one would expect to find. By the way that the porters prefer to carry the weights, of which a good illustration is given in our last picture, it would seem that they are extraordinarily fond of making the head bear a deal of the weight, so that one is inclined to wonder that their necks are not broken. No doubt we should find a great muscular development in the muscles at the base of the neck column.

As a rule the hardest labour and the busiest scenes of the market are over before the sun has got to any height, so neither porters nor vegetables suffer as they would do if they had to bear the meridian sun. We are told that the sun destroys microbes, but we can also see for ourselves that it hastens that



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A DEAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

condition of vegetable decay which is a fine habitat for the microbe, so it is just as well that the perishable things of Flora should be sent away from this hot square and distributed in the cool places of the fruiterers' shops before the midday sun begins to cook them. It is good for them, and for those that eat them, and also for those that have to carry any great weight of them on their backs. It is curious to see how these elementary trades that require little special training—such as that of the Covent Garden porter—attract into their ranks all sorts and conditions, all ages and all sizes. And all seem to perform the duties with about equal efficiency. There is the old man, the hobbledehoy, and the man in the prime of life—one does as much, or as little, as the other, the one making up by his energy for what he loses in muscular power, and the other discounting by idleness the value of his superior muscle.



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PORTERS' WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GROWING IRIS STYLOSA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly give me your advice as to the best treatment for *Iris Stylosa*, both blue and white, which I have brought with me from Algiers. Out there they are never moved from the ground, and get thoroughly baked until October, when the first rains fall. My bulbs show signs of leaves already. Should they be kept in pots or planted out in the garden? Will you also kindly inform me where I can get the best carnation and cyclamen seeds.—H. ALICE TIM.

[There is no doubt whatever that this iris requires a thorough baking during the summer, such as it obtains in its natural habitats, and a rather poor soil. We have seen this beautiful flower in many gardens, but the flowers are more numerous when this treatment is given. At Ventnor it should succeed well. Plant out your bulbs at once, choosing a thoroughly well-drained spot, where they will be free from cold winds. When in bloom, put a handlight over the plants if snow or rain storms threaten. We wish its grassy leafage was less vigorous, as it hides the flowers. These cut when about half open are very pretty in a room, and their fragrance is delicate. They appear in winter, and are indeed welcome. Both blue and white kinds are equally hardy. We have seen luxuriant groups even in Midland gardens in warm, sheltered spots.—ED.]



RAPID GROWTH OF HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you some photographs I have taken of my herbaceous garden at Park Place, if you care to put them into your paper. It is a blaze of colour now, and it is rather wonderful, considering how lately it was planted (March, 1898).—PERCY NOBLE.

CLEARING A LAWN OF WEEDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—What is the best and most effective method of clearing a grass lawn of plantains? In some places they grow so thickly that to uproot them leaves a bare patch. I have been recommended (1) a patent spud (which I have not seen); and (2) to inject some acid into the heart of each plantain.—AMMA.

[We have not heard of any special or patent spud for destroying lawn weeds. We advise the following plan. Use a sharp narrow or chisel-like spud and force it under each plantain, cutting it off. Then drop, with the aid of a small paint brush, either a drop or two of sulphuric acid (vitriol), or of petroleum, into the hole to destroy the roots. This should not be done until September, then topdress the lawn with fine soil, and sow good pasture grasses. Well rake, and roll the seeds in, and if the grass grows well and is kept well mown the following season, an even, solid lawn should result. If you wish to have a lawn free from weeds adopt our plan, but, of course, it will appear somewhat bare and unsightly for a time.—ED.]

DRY GUT IN TENNIS RACKETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

"TENNIS" wishes to know whether anything can be done to the gut of tennis rackets when the gut is dry. Should it be oiled or not? Also, is it bad for it to keep it out of the press? "Tennis" would be much obliged if the Editor would answer this. What an excellent paper COUNTRY LIFE is! "Tennis" has taken it in ever since it was out.

[When the gut of a racket is so far gone that it can be called "too dry," it must surely mean that it has been allowed to get wet and has "perished" as it dried, otherwise the great trouble with the gut is to keep it dry enough. When it gets wet, or moist, it gets slack at once. The great point is to dry it with a cloth after playing in the wet—if it is a necessity to play in wet weather—and to keep it in its press in a dry place. This will keep it constantly taut. Too dry, in the sense of perished, gut might be preserved from further perishing by putting a little oil on it, to prevent the wet getting into the broken fibres, but even this slight moistening would almost certainly have a tendency to make the gut slacker. We cannot, in fine, conceive a too dry condition of the gut that does not imply that it has perished (which is almost always the result of wetting and being left to dry), and for perished gut there is practically no remedy short of restringing. But it is possible to replace a perished string or two without restringing the whole racket. Never leave it out of the press. If the racket really has been left near the fire, or somewhere where it has got virtually cooked, we think leaving it in a normal atmosphere for a day or two would be better than oiling.—ED.]

FEEDING A YOUNG BLOODHOUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a young bloodhound, aged four months, which, although apparently healthy, is a very delicate feeder. I give him porridge and milk, Spratt's dog biscuits, dry and soaked, and "Melox"; but the first-named is the only food which he eats at all eagerly. The person from whom I bought him informed me that he had been reared on horse-flesh and milk, which was, of course, most unsuitable food. I shall be much obliged if you will kindly suggest something that would tempt his appetite and at the same time be nourishing.—A. K.

[We suspect that the milk, which, by the way, is not a good diet for dogs, is the attraction where the porridge is concerned; moreover, there can be no better food than Spratt's biscuits, which contain both meat and vegetable diet in the form of beetroot. Try boiling a sheep's head and mixing the biscuits with the broth. Perhaps your whelp requires a tonic, as he may be over-growing his strength. If you think he is, have the following prescription made up: Concentrated decoction of yellow bark and compound tincture of cinchona bark, 10z. each. Mix and give him half a teaspoonful in a little water twice a day. You are quite right in reducing the flesh diet, but give the whelp a large bone to gnaw once or twice a week, but do not let there be much meat on it.—ED.]

A MOTHERLESS FAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A contributor, H. S. Dowson, asks you as to rearing a fawn, and in replying to him, in COUNTRY LIFE of August 6th, you say it will get quite tame and prove a most delightful pet. It will be all that you say for some time, but, when least expected, will become exceedingly fierce, suddenly attacking those who have been kindest to it. Its hoofs are not only very pointed but exceedingly sharp, and the fawn uses them with terrible effect. Don't you think you had better warn your correspondent?—FLORENCE HAYWARD.

THE SCARCITY OF WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been glad to see you calling attention to the bad state that the country seems likely to be reduced to by the want of water. I should like to be allowed to confirm all you say out of my own observation. Lately the agent of a large property in a certain part of Kent told me that he knew of sixteen wells on the property that were now dry and had never been dry before in the memory of a living man. This was not, of course, counting those which were dry now but which had been known to be dry before; and surely this fact, that sixteen on one property should be now dry for the first time for say threescore years, is striking testimony to the extraordinary lowness of the springs, and evidence of the study that we ought to make of the means of procuring water, and of storing that which comes to hand.—F. L. M.



THE SEA HOLLIES.

THIS group of hardy thistle-like plants is in beauty now, its steely blue colouring being more apparent than usual, owing to the long period of drought. The Sea Hollies or Eryngiums enjoy hot dry years, and when grouped are effective and handsome. They are of characteristic growth and colouring, spreading freely on warm sunny borders or dry banks where there is a fair depth of soil. *E. planum* is smothered with small bluish heads, and is a good border plant or to group with other perennials. We saw it well placed some years ago in a bold bed in which *Coreopsis grandiflora*, *Bocconia cordata*, and similar plants were used, but nothing was finer in its way than this Eryngium. *E. alpinum* is very handsome, the spiny leaves of quite a sea green colour and the flowers and stem deep blue. *E. Oliverianum*, *E. amethystinum*, and *E. giganteum* are as noteworthy as those mentioned above. Many warm dry

HIMALAYAN SINGLE ROSE (*Rosa macrantha*).

borders exist in gardens in which many perennials are scarcely happy but these are the places for the Eryngiums.

ROSA MACRANTHA.

We are pleased to illustrate a beautiful single Rose, *Rosa macrantha*, and the illustration reveals its vigour and freedom. As we wrote recently in COUNTRY LIFE, the single Roses are not too much thought of in gardens, although amongst them are the most precious Roses in the world, many of them free-growing climbers, such as the one we depict. *R. macrantha* has very large white, pink-tinted flowers, with a cluster of golden stamens in the centre. Every shoot almost bears its burden of blossom, and fills the garden with beauty and colour in early summer days. A very good way of planting *R. macrantha* is against a wooden trellis or pergola. Mr. G. F. Wilson, in whose garden at Wisley the photograph was taken, writes: "It is a strong grower, very free blooming, and an effective Rose." It is a more beautiful kind than Paul's Single White; and that is high praise.

THE WHITE IRISH HEATH.

The hardy Heaths are not much known in gardens, and even the commoner kinds are little planted. A fair flower, fairer than the indoor Heathers, is the Irish Heath, known generally as *Daboecia polifolia*, which is found wild in the West of Ireland, not in Great Britain. The large flowers are in graceful racemes, and appear for several months, whilst there are three forms, the typical kind or species being purple, the white one to which we draw particular attention, called *flore-albo*, and another in which both purple and white flowers appear upon the same plant. This *Daboecia* is very hardy, and easily grown from seeds. A breadth of the white variety will give pleasure for many weeks, and its growth is of a fine green colour too.

THE STERNBERGIIAS.

The writer was charmed a few days ago with a group of the handsome *Sternbergia macrantha*, the most effective perhaps of the family, and introduced a few years ago from the mountains of Smyrna. The flowers are of a clear, bright yellow colour, and, seen in a mass, very showy and pleasing. Little attention is given to this class of bulbs, partly no doubt through the uncertain weather which usually prevails during their flowering season. Many beautiful autumn-flowering bulbs are seldom seen, not even the deep blue *Crocus speciosus*, for this reason surely. This is a mistake. The *Sternbergias* will withstand many weather trials if the bulbs are planted in suitable positions, such as sheltered nooks in the rock garden or border. Thorough ripening of the bulbs in summer, slight protection in winter, and a warm, fairly light soil are essential. *S. lutea*, the winter Daffodil, is the best-known species, and is supposed by some writers to be the Lily of Scripture. It is plentiful in the vales around the Holy Land. *S. colchiflora* is an old garden plant, the soft yellow flowers appearing about the same time as those of *S. lutea*. They are Jessamine-scented. *S. Fischeriana* is similar to *S. lutea*, but differs in being a spring-flowering kind. The *Sternbergias* are certainly bulbs of great interest and beauty.

BEGONIA LAFAYETTE.

A friend recently returned from Haarlem declares the most brilliant picture of flower-colouring he has ever seen was the mass of this tuberous *Begonia* in Krelage's nursery. We know this kind well, but it is not yet common in English gardens, although we hope all who desire a splendid colour will make note of it. The plant is thoroughly adapted for bedding, dwarf and bushy in growth, and the leaves are almost hidden by the wealth of intense crimson rosette-like flowers, which if not big, like so many of the ordinary tuberous *Begonias*, are more effective.

GLADIOLUS LEMOINEI VESUVIUS.

This is the most intense in colour of any *Gladiolus* we have seen; the flowers dark crimson, a handsome and telling shade, if relieved by lighter flowers near. This *Lemoinei* group is very sturdy, and the spikes are strong, bearing flowers smaller than those of the more popular *Gandavensis* race, but compact and regular in form. We noticed this *Gladiolus* in a group at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society.

MESSRS. SUTTON AND SONS' (READING) BULB CATALOGUE.—The bulb season is at hand, and we are reminded of it by Messrs. Suttons' handsome catalogue, which is a handy guide for those who wish to know the best kinds in the various groups. It is well and tastefully illustrated.

Extracts from the Log of a 14-Tonner.—III.

ON Monday, July 11th, we found ourselves once more at Hamble, and during the day busied ourselves making everything ready for an early start on the morrow, for we intended to have a look at the other side of the Channel, and long trips cannot be undertaken without some preparation. Rough passages must be expected with so much open sea work, and unless the stores are carefully stowed, they are apt to become displaced. For example, we remember once a jam-pot getting adrift in the locker of a sailing boat, with the result that its contents were upset into the brand-new yachting cap of a fellow-yachtsman; while even as late as last season, during the rough weather in August, after taking a tremendous heel off Cowes, we found our berth covered in broken crockery, which

had literally been flung in there from the pantry. But to resume the narrative.

On Tuesday we made an early start, just as the workmen were beginning to assemble at Mr. Luke's yard across the water. The wind was extremely light, but, with the friendly aid of the tide, we slowly drifted down the river. There must be some subtle agreement between our good ship and the Hamble mud, for they never seem to be able to part company without, as it were, shaking hands; and this occasion was no exception to the rule, for when it seemed that we were clear of everything, we found ourselves pulled up by the clinging embrace of the soft bed of the Hamble River. But we enjoyed the same good fortune as when we went aground near the same

place a few weeks earlier, for scarcely had we got our anchor into the dingey, with the intention of endeavouring to haul the yacht off the mud, than a tug hove in sight, and by its aid we were soon slipping through the water once more. We now encountered several of the Solent raters making their way towards Sea View, where a regatta was to be held; but they, like ourselves, could make little headway, for the light south-westerly airs scarcely filled the sails. One or two were fortunate enough to get taken in tow by steam yachts, while those not so favoured could never have arrived at their destination in time. We slowly drifted on until off Portsmouth Harbour, when at last the breeze became stronger. Presently it freshened up considerably, coming in the right direction, too, for it developed into a fresh south-west wind. This sent us bowling through Spithead, and in a short time we found ourselves at the Looe Stream. We now tore along the low

Sussex coast, catching glimpses of Bognor, Littlehampton, and far away Arundel, with its white cathedral looming up through the mist to the north. When off Hove the wind dropped, and we rolled from side to side in the heavy Channel swell. What an unpleasant motion this is! First the end of the boom is immersed in water, while the next minute it is far above one's head, and then again it comes back with a bang which threatens to break every rope supporting it, or else split the canvas into shreds. Late that night we reached Newhaven, and moored in the lower part of that excellent harbour. The next morning was ushered in by a strong north-westerly breeze, but, it must be confessed, we did not

take advantage of it until the sun had completed nearly half its day's journey. When, however, we did start, we made up for the lost hours, and in less than no time the white cliffs of the South Downs were left behind. What a tremendous distance it always seems from Beachy Head to Dungeness, but yet in reality it is not far. We suppose the reason for this is that Dungeness is low and that Beachy Head stands up boldly; consequently the latter is kept in sight for a long time, while the former cannot be seen until one is close against it. As we drew up towards the Ness, we saw in front of us a big fleet of sailing craft, consisting of fishing vessels, trading schooners, and the like. This was rapidly overhauled, and just as we were about to pass one of the biggest of the traders, a heavy squall struck us, and the wind suddenly shifted north-easterly, consequently we were reduced to tacking. Just before dark, however, we stood into the shore, and there found the wind more off the land, and were thus able to look our course once more. The

lights of Folkestone now showed up ahead of us, together with the powerful ones of the South Foreland, while away on our starboard the reflections of the flashing signals of Cape Gris-nez and Calais could be seen on the sky. We missed the tide at Dover, and had in consequence to anchor off the Admiralty Pier, where the roll was considerable.

On the following day, Thursday, we got under way about midday and stood over for the French coast. A strong breeze from the south-west lent its substantial aid to our exertions, and sent the spray flying over us in no small quantities. But as we neared the chalky cliffs of our French neighbours the sea became calmer, and, easing our sheets, Calais lighthouse was soon in sight. A truly splendid erection is this, and the light it gives forth is in every way worthy of it. We soon found ourselves between Calais piers, and were surprised with the splendid harbour. There is room, as the skipper observed, for a big

ship to beat in and out, while at all times of tide there is a good depth of water for vessels of moderate draught. We spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening exploring the neighbourhood, for there is much to interest one in the old French town. A great fête was in progress, for it was the 14th of July, and the good people of the place were celebrating the formation, we believe, of the French Republic.

On Friday morning we started for home with a good sailing breeze coming from its usual quarter in the south-west. When off Dover, we observed two racing cutters coming towards us, and we presently made them out to be Mr. H. T. Van Laun's Caress and Mr. M. B. Kennedy's MAID MARION. They rounded



West and Son.

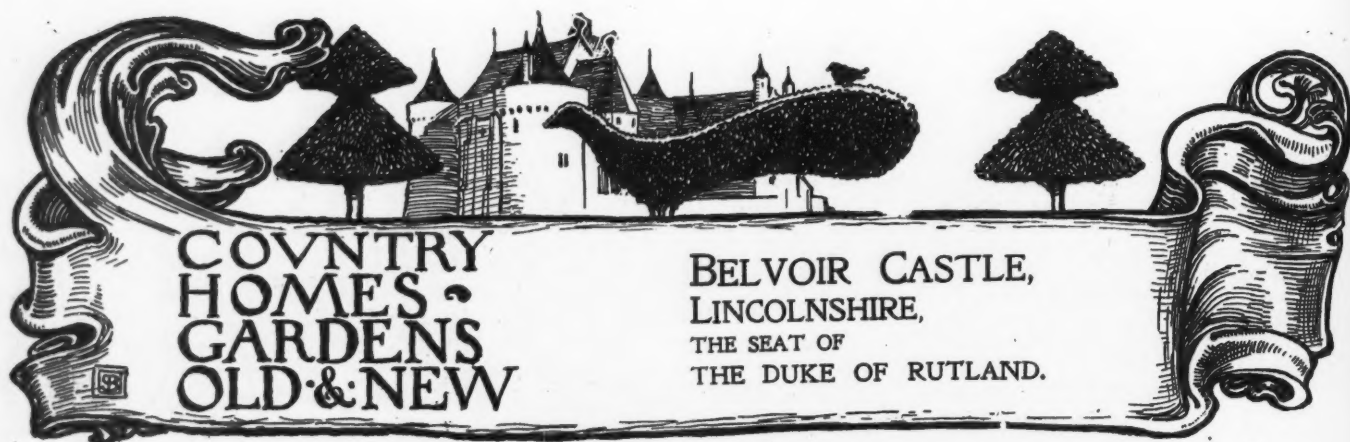
MAID MARION.

Southsea.

the Varne Buoy just in front of us, that being one of the turning points in the Channel course of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, under whose burgee they were racing. We heard afterwards that Maid Marion just managed to beat her opponent on corrected time.

As the day advanced the wind decreased, and at sunset we had only made as far as Dungeness, where we were compelled to anchor, as the tide came strongly against us. The sea soon became very calm, so we managed to spend a fairly comfortable night. On Saturday the wind helped us but little, for there was never a fair sailing breeze all day, and what little there was came right against us, so we made but very slow progress, and just before dark were completely becalmed off Hastings. We now gave instructions to our skipper to make the best of his way back to the Isle of Wight on the first possible opportunity, while we, seeking the railway station, were soon flying across the Sussex marshes on our way home.

SEAMEW.



THERE came a time in the history of the ducal house of Manners when it appears to have become necessary to choose between Belvoir and Haddon. Both had been received with notable heiresses—the first, the ancient heritage of De Albini, through the marriage of the simple Northumbrian knight, Sir Robert Manners, of Etall, with the sister of Edmund, Lord Ros, the other through the romantic match between his great-grandson, John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland, and Dorothy Vernon. By swift, and, as some thought, tragic events, the earldom passed from the elder line to the younger, so that the eighth Earl of Rutland became possessed of two very famous domains. It was the troubled time of Roundhead and Cavalier, and he, being an upholder of the Parliament, and of the Solemn League and Covenant to which he had sworn, saw his castle of Belvoir captured for the King, and in subsequent fighting sadly wasted from its former splendour. The Earl, therefore, chose to live much at Haddon, where he kept house in bounteous style, his hospitality rivalling almost in its prodigality that of his famous ancestor, Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak." His son, the first Duke of Rutland, lived chiefly at Belvoir, but it was not until the time of the third Duke that Haddon was dismantled, though, happily for England, preserved with sedulous care from decay.

It was a choice, truly, of diverse qualities between the two places. If one may discriminate in the fitness of things, perhaps it may be conceded that splendid Belvoir, standing aloft on the hill, and, like regal Windsor, looking over the far-spread



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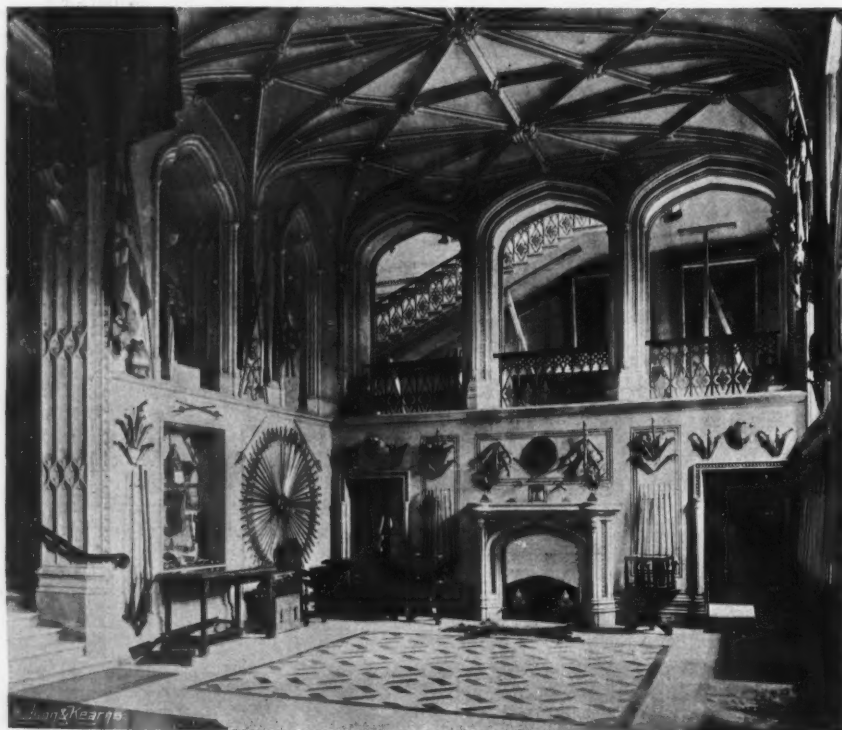
THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sea of foliage below, is a dwelling right for a Duke; while grey old double-courted Haddon, standing where the Lathkill pours down to the Wye, was an appropriate house for the Earl. Yet, when the Dukes passed from Haddon to Belvoir, they must sometimes have missed the shade of the outstretched arms of the yews over Dorothy Vernon's Terrace, and the flickering light and shadow of the limes and sycamores of her garden walk.

You cannot look at Haddon to-day without conjuring up something of the glamour and romance that clings to its time-worn walls. The Vernons are there, as of old; stately gentlemen and high-bred dames people those sunlit chambers; the bowmen are drawn up in the courtyard; and the warder watches from the tower. The knight is busy with affairs of State, and you wonder what answer shall be sent to the King-maker's letter:—"Henry, I pray you flayle not, for yonder man Edward is lately landed with Flemynge, Esterlings, and Danes." Then you have bluff old Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak." Nothing will he have to say to John Manners, who never shall enter his hall. But the woodman is under the green-tree, with horses saddled at the gate. There is the sound of revelry, for Dorothy's sister is being wedded; and soon a tripping foot in the corridor, the glinting of light through the doors, a backward glance as she steals along the terrace, the vaulting into the saddle, and the clattering of hoofs along the road. Thus was Haddon won.

Lordly Belvoir has not the poetry of Haddon. It has suffered much by deed of war, and fire has wasted the pile, so that ancient features are shrouded by modern, though these are built in the form of older battlement and wall. The Staunton Tower is its finest external feature, and embodies the most ancient parts of the structure. Whenever a King visits Belvoir it is the custom to present him with its keys, perhaps because Sir Mauger Staunton successfully defended it



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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BELVOIR CASTLE: THE DUKE'S GARDEN.

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against the Conqueror. It was in the time of Henry, second Earl of Rutland, Captain-General of the Forces against France in 1556, that Belvoir first became a truly princely seat, and it continued to be improved by his successors until misfortune befel the children of the sixth Earl, who were done to death by sorcery, as you may read on their monument to this very day. And if the witch-mother died, praying, if guilty, that the bread she ate might choke her, did not her daughters confess the deed? It was in 1816 that the castle was partly laid in ruins by fire, but since that time it has arisen anew in stately splendour, and looks proudly over the Vale of Belvoir, one of the most famous houses in the land.

We might dwell upon its glorious state-rooms, noble features, and splendid pictures, but our business is really with the externals of the castle. We are to look at the gardens that surround it. Now the first thing that strikes us is that a castle so situated upon a hill must have distinctively appropriate gardens of its own. This, we say, must be a garden of terraces, of foliage, of green embellished steep. The purely formal garden, which neighbours a classic house, can have no place on the shadowed slopes below the great baronial pile. Here we have a key to the arrangements that exist at Belvoir. Our illustrations reveal



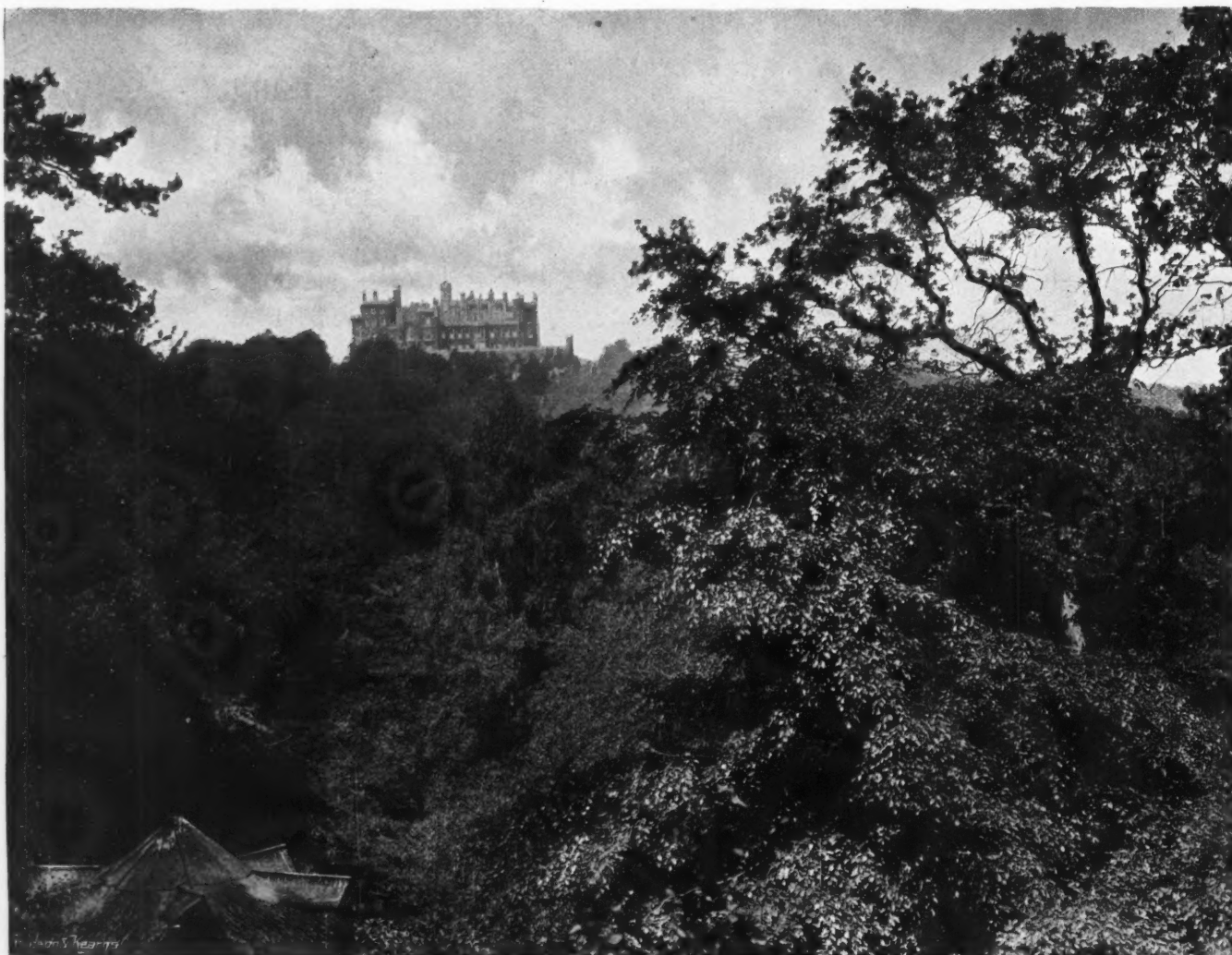
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THE RAMPARTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

something of the charm of the gardens, of their wondrous light and shade, of their sylvan glades, and retreats approached by leafy walks, bordered by radiant beds of simple flowers, and redolent with their fragrance. All springs naturally from the character of the land. You cannot view all these beautiful



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VIEW OF THE CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pleasure-grounds at once. In walking up hill and down, by paths skilfully arranged, you encounter new charms at every step. Each nook reveals some flower-treasure, be it a group of mossy phloxes, of frail wind-flowers, of lilies of the valley, or some other bloom of the season. There are delightful peeps at the surrounding charms from the ramparts, and you find leafy climbers clothing the old walls, verdure clinging to their bases, and trees lifting their nodding plumes from the green gloom below. And ever and anon you catch glimpses of the glowing flower-beds that the gardener has planted on the slopes. But the special features of the pleasure-grounds of lordly Belvoir, and other illustrations of their charms, must await another article and a further description.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

THAT very versatile and pleasant writer, Mr. Richard Davey, was certainly opportune in bringing out his book about the Sultan, which was noticed in these columns; but his "Cuba, Past and Present" is even more timely; and Messrs. Chapman and Hall are to be congratulated upon having secured it at the present juncture. Interest in the war and the peace, or the chances of peace, may have languished; things could hardly have gone otherwise, having regard to the vast number of the correspondents and the infinitesimal quantity of subject matter with which they had to deal. But in Cuba and its future, all that part of the civilised world which is permitted to smoke good tobacco—that is to say most of Europe except France—is deeply interested. For there is no denying the fact that although a passable cigar may be obtained from places other than Cuba, the best cigars in the world come from that distressful island; and anxiety as to the future supply of really first-rate cigars has been the paramount influence which compelled ordinary men to take an interest in the war. In the newspapers, of course, it was another matter. The great heart of England swelled either for the Americans, as deliverers of the oppressed, or for the Spaniards, as little folk ground down under the heel of the transplanted Anglo-Saxon. But what will you? The newspapers, especially the most enthusiastic amongst them, take much higher views than the average man, and are altogether more noble-minded. For my part, I have mixed with the average man of all sorts and conditions not a little since this war with next to no fighting in it began, and I have found that the war produced three kinds of observations only. Firstly, men have said they would not know where to go for good cigars; and it was a real "firstly"; it was the consideration which always depressed convivial assemblages. Next, men said that the Spaniards would be beaten; they have been. Then the naval experts, especially the amateurs who know least and talk most, grumbled because there was some sea-fighting, and a good deal of downright running away, and no lessons in naval tactics resulted. The Spaniards, in truth, have shown us how not to do the right thing; but their illustrations of the inept, with a very large capital I, are of no use to anybody. Nobody, except a Spaniard, could make such ineffably silly mistakes; therefore the calamities which follow from unspeakable folly are of no use as warnings to admirals of other races; on the other hand, the Spanish admirals are clearly too stupid to learn any lesson even from the gravest misfortunes.

Meanwhile, the Americans have got Cuba for better or worse. I am not talking politics. I neither know, nor care, whether the United States is going



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BELVOIR: THE TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to annex Cuba. But it is pretty plain that, having begun this war mainly on the ground that the Spaniards were misgoverning Cuba atrociously, the Americans have got to get Cuba into a settled condition by some means or other. That being the case, Mr. Davey's very able and readable book comes opportunely, because it shows us in the most vivid manner possible the kind of place and the kind of people with whom in the future our American cousins will have to deal. Mr. Davey may not be a delicate artist in the use of language. For example, he never by any chance uses the words "phenomenal" or "phenomenally" except in an absolutely wrong sense; but he has the living power. He can paint a picture in words; he can cover a wide expanse of canvas, and can fill in the detail with great skill; and he can leave a general and coherent impression, which, in the present state of human affairs, is of the highest interest.

The nett result of reading his book is an abiding conviction that the Americans have a very hard nut to crack. Cuba has a population of about 1,600,000 souls, many of them quite worthless, divided into Cubans, Spaniards, Creoles, coloured folks of various colours, and Coolies. The Cubans, descendants of the early Spanish colonists, are the aristocracy of the island. Religion and irreligion of all kinds are rampant. First came a long spell of the Inquisition; then, in the Napoleonic period, a rush of Voltaireism and Rousseauism; then Protestantism in various forms from the United States. Marriages are contracted early; morality is lax. Jews there are also, and Americans; but the coloured folk, who are quite a third of the population, are the most interesting. The slave traffic continued practically as late as 1886; and as late as April, 1885, the following advertisement appeared: "Anyone who requires a nice active girl of light colour, aged 12, can inspect her at the house of her mistress. Price to be settled between the parties privately." Many of the old slaves apparently have not realised that they are free; with others the realisation has been accompanied by the belief that freedom means idleness. It is from these men, who have made their homes in the woods and in the



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I. T. Newman.

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE UNTO HARVEST.

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wilderness, that the rebel army has been recruited, and they will not be brought into order more readily by American than by Spanish influence. Mr. Davey, who has seen free blacks in Cuba and in the Southern States, declares frankly that the treatment accorded to them on the island is better than that shown to them on the mainland. But Cuba and the Cubans are an awful place and terrible people to deal with. Whether the country be unhealthy or not by nature, and it has certainly had a bad reputation from the beginning of time, there can be no question that every town in the island is now a hotbed of malignant disease. And the minds of the people are a hotbed also of every feeling that is inimical to good government and orderly behaviour. Idle, vain, oppressed by misgovernment from time immemorial, accustomed to every kind of cruel sport, such as the Spanish mind loves, always cruelly treated and accustomed to be cruel as a compensation, they are as near to being a hopeless people as possible. Truly, it seems to me it is a case in which every prospect pleases and only man is vile. But it would be doing Mr. Davey and his fascinating book an injustice not to quote a passage or two to show with what graphic power he brings the splendid scenery of the island before the eye of the reader. Here, for example, are some beautiful passages about Matanzas:

"The immediate environs of Havana are disappointing, although some of the neighbouring villages are pretty enough. Every visitor to Havana is sure to be taken to three places—Puentes Grandes, Marianao, and Carmelo. A little railway carries you, as slowly as steam can do it, in about an hour, out to Marianao. If it were not for the groups of palm trees, and the huge plantain leaves, generally very dusty and tattered, hanging over the garden walls, you might easily mistake the country for certain districts in Northern France. It undulates, just as it does in Normandy, up and down over low-lying hills, and the straight roads, bordered with coca palm trees, reminded me forcibly of the poplar avenues round Rouen. Before very long, however, you are made aware that you are under the Southern Cross, for, just before you reach your destination, you form your first acquaintance with the banyan tree, of which there is a celebrated group, considered one of the finest in the West Indies, standing in the middle of a field. The central tree, which must be of great age, is of vast size. From its upper branches it has cast down numerous feelers, which, in their turn, have become big trees, and so the one growth contrives to cover some four or five acres of ground. After you have amused yourself by walking in and out of the innumerable arches and avenues formed by this grand specimen of perhaps the most extraordinary species of tree in existence, you follow a narrow path and walk on to Marianao, a Cuban village boasting an odd-looking church painted a vivid blue, and some very nice country houses, embedded in orange and banana orchards. What pleased me most about Marianao were the country lanes, which are bordered by hedgerows covered with delightful creepers, the coral, with its clusters of pink and white flowers, the morning glory, with its wealth of azure blossoms, the scarlet passion flower, the blue sweet pea, and a species of wild stephanotis with an overpowering scent.

"Puentes Grandes lies halfway between Marianao and Havana. It possesses the only nail factory in the country, worked by several hundred coolies. Carmelo is a village of restaurants and cabarets, situated at the head of a little sandy bay glorified by a tradition that it was once visited by Columbus. Hither people drive out of an evening from Havana, to eat oysters, lobsters, and other crustacea, and, above all, to enjoy the cool sea breeze. Here I first beheld the most astonishing of all flowers—the *Aristolochia pelicana*. It is a variety of the,

Aristolochia siphon, which has been recently brought over to England from America and acclimatised, and which is popularly known as the 'Dutchman's pipe,' on account of the peculiar shape of the flower, which is exactly like a little tobacco-pipe. The Cuban variety is a sturdy creeper, with enormous, heart-shaped leaves. This flower must be seen to be appreciated. When open, it presents the appearance of a huge porous plaster about a foot in diameter. The edge is perfectly white and waxy, the centre a dark brown, with a slit in the middle, opening into a pod-shaped cup, and furnished with sharp bristles, usually garnished with drops of syrup, to allure the flies and other insects, which, when once they enter that little 'parlour,' find themselves in a veritable ogre's castle, whence no escape is possible, for the hungry flower soon absorbs and devours them. When the pouch is full, and it will contain several hundred insects, the enormous flower closes, and assumes the exact shape of a beautiful white duck. Severed from its stem, and placed in the centre of a bouquet of flowers, or on a sheet of looking-glass in the centre of a dining-table, this weird flower produces a very startling effect. It is the custom in Havana to place one of these strange freaks of Nature in the centre of a bouquet which is always offered to a successful *prima donna* on her first appearance at the National Theatre."

"The next attraction of Matanzas is the famous valley of the Yumurri. To see it to perfection, it should be visited, not by pale moonlight, but at the decline of day, when the sun is setting behind the low-lying hills on the opposite side of the fertile valley, through which the Yumurri river meanders like a silver ribbon, fringed with innumerable tiny tributary streams, which immensely increase the productive powers of this magnificent expanse of richly cultivated land. The vegetation is indescribably beautiful and varied. Every sort of palm tree grows, and as the land is undulating in character, the panorama is broken up in the most charming manner, by groups of slender columns, surmounted by waving plumes, which intercept, without impeding, the view of golden cane fields and the tender green coffee plantations which stretch in all directions, until it fades into the delicate mauve tint of approaching evening. The view over the valley of the Yumurri is one of those glorious things which a Milton might have described, a Turner or a Martin might have painted. It baffles the efforts of my humble pen. All I can say is that I have seen a good half of the fair world in which man is called to spend his petty span, but never have my eyes rested on any scene which could equal this in poetic loveliness. It is a fragment, surely, left of that Paradise from which our first parents managed between them to shut out their descendants for ever. We lingered long, wondering at the beauty of it all, quite unable to tear ourselves away. The sun, having passed through the closing phases of its daily course, became a ball of glowing fire, and quenched itself within a violet cloud. The moon rose and flooded the happy valley with golden radiance, so brilliant that only the stars in the larger constellations, such as the Southern Cross, were visible."

This is fine writing in the best sense of the word; and the passage is a good example of Mr. Davey at his best as a descriptive writer. But he excels also in another matter, that is to say, in capacity of describing things quaint and interesting. In a word, the reader of this book will be fascinated; and he will learn a great deal about many things; and he will know more about Cuba when he has finished than ninety-nine men out of one hundred have had the opportunity of knowing before. All this will be gained without more effort than is involved in reading a novel.

SEABIRDS IN THE SCILLIES.



C. J. King.

NESTING-PLACE OF THE BLACK-BACKED GULL.

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MANY articles have been written in various ways descriptive of the Scilly Isles. The flower culture has been over and over again minutely depicted by pencil, pen, and photograph; the magnificent and fantastic rock scenery has received its share of homage from numerous writers; and the wonderful Tresco Gardens have had as much attention paid them as all the rest put together. But there is one most

interesting subject which, as far as I know, has not yet been touched upon to any extent—I refer to the seabirds of Scilly.

Hundreds of visitors who during the later summer months cross from Penzance, seeing a few shags and sea-gulls flitting about, and may be here and there a gannet swooping down upon a fish, have little idea of the swarming thousands of puffins, razor-bills, and guillemots, to say nothing of shearwaters, oyster-

catchers, terns, etc., which literally besiege the larger outlying rocks of this archipelago during the spring and early summer.

It must of course be understood that these birds do not frequent the inhabited islands—St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, or Bryher, for, with the exception of shags and gulls, few if any of the wild seabirds are to be seen on any of the islands named, though I believe some of them, especially puffins, used at one time to breed on parts of St. Agnes, and I have myself seen shear-waters' nesting-places there within the last few years.

Perhaps the favourite island for sightseers is Annet, which lies about two and a-half miles south-west of St. Mary's and half a mile west of St. Agnes. It is by no means the best island for birds, but there are many thousands to be seen there, it is easy of access, and ladies can land on it without any difficulty. On nearing it, it will be noticed that the water is in many places almost black with birds, chiefly puffins and razor-bills. As the



C. J. King. A SHAG PREENING ITSELF.

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boat approaches they generally dive, as it seems somewhat difficult for them to rise from the water, their wings being small in proportion to the size of their bodies; but once on the wing, they fly very swiftly. When the island is reached and a landing effected, one is almost bewildered with the noise. This proceeds almost entirely from the gulls, which hover overhead and keep watch over their nests so long as one remains in their domain. At times they become aggressive, and I have had to protect myself with a stick ere now from the assaults of a great black-backed gull, which deliberately set upon me by making semi-circular swoops, each time coming far too near to be pleasant, and making a determined thrust at me with its formidable beak, at the same time uttering its peculiar cry. I have often thought when alone on one of these islands, with perhaps a thousand gulls circling round, what short work they could make of a man should they all start this kind of warfare. But at Annet the gulls, as a rule, occupy only a certain portion of the island, and few are found outside their own colony, which is divided but by a few yards from the puffin's.

The puffins are most interesting little birds, with huge beaks marked with orange, and a most comical expression; the head, back, and wings are black, and the breast white, the feet being orange colour. They are often called sea-parrots, and are not so wild as the gulls. They will, if one sits quietly down and waits, come trotting out of their holes and run about or perch in rows on a rock within a few yards. I once took a photograph of one which was kind enough to come and sit upon a rock only 6ft. from me. I was lying flat at the time trying to get a snapshot at some which were coming out of their holes, these being very numerous at a short distance, and was making use of this rock to hide me from them, when to my surprise this bird came and sat upon the end of it. As quickly as possible I focussed



C. J. King. PUFFINS AND RAZOR-BILLS.

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my hand camera and captured his portrait, as shown here. On many occasions before and since I have had to lie hidden beneath a rock in a cramped position for a much longer time for an inferior result.

The nest of the gull is always found exposed to the open air; but the puffin's is always in a hole, either in a deep crevice in the rock, or, as is more frequent, under ground; in fact, a great part of Annet is simply honeycombed with their holes, and one has to be very careful when walking there, as it is almost impossible to cover 20yds. without going through the roof of some poor puffin's residence. The result to the intruder may be a sprained ankle, to the inmate of the hole something worse than that, I fear.

Razor-bills are larger than puffins, but very similar in their habits. They are, in their summer plumage, of a dull black upon the back and head, with white breast and black feet. They sit in numbers together on the rocks, and it is very amusing to watch the affectionate way in which they appear to treat one another. Only recently I was nearly at the top of Menavawr (the Mont Blanc of Scilly), and after some hours had got into a favourable position close to a number of these birds. Two were not more than 9ft. from where I lay hidden, and were most affectionately preening each other. I focussed my hand camera and released the shutter, thinking that I had secured something good; but when the plate was developed I found that by some mischance I



C. J. King. A PUFFIN'S PORTRAIT.

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had only one bird and part of the other on the negative. The eggs of this bird—it makes no nest—are always found in the crevasses or under rocks.

Guillemots, again, are similar in their habits to the last-mentioned birds, but their beak is more pointed and their colour grey upon the back instead of black. They do not appear to be so numerous in Scilly as formerly. Their eggs are always found in deep crevasses or beneath rocks, and are of a pretty blue colour, with black or brown markings.

Shags and cormorants are very similar, the former being smaller and lacking the white patch on the side of the face and on the upper part of the leg. The male shag has a crest upon its head during the breeding season. These birds, though quite different from those already mentioned, are divers, and it is really astonishing what a quantity of fish they consume. I have seen a cormorant come to the surface with a plaice 1ft. or 15in. long in its mouth; in an instant the fish has been rolled round in some way and swallowed; the bird, now rendered unable to dive for a time, has swum off with its neck swollen out to three times its normal size. After their fishing expeditions they return to the rocks, where they sit in large or small numbers, as the case may be, drying their wings and resting. Their nesting-places are, as a rule, when the young birds are hatched, strewn with fish, generally wrasse, and though they are well worth seeing when there is a number of them together, many people would be driven away by the stench, which is often overpowering. There are several places in Scilly where shags and cormorants build in colonies, notably Maledgan, Mincarlo, and Rosevean, on all of which I have seen groups of from twenty to thirty nests built close together in the open, within an area of about roof. I heard of a curious sight which might have been seen on Maledgan a few years ago. Some men from the neighbouring island of St. Agnes landed there early in



C. J. King.

RAZOR-BILLS AND SHAG.

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the spring, and on a deal board which had been washed up during the winter were seventeen shags' nests, all in a row. I should like to have had a photograph of this, but did not know of it till too late; the man who told me of it saw it himself. The nest, when in the open, is a fine, well-built one, as can be seen in the illustration.

Shear-waters are numerous on Annet, oyster-catchers may be seen round the shores of most of the islands, turnstones, kittiwakes, and terns abound, and many other seabirds may be seen in greater or smaller numbers. During the winter months the Great Northern diver frequents the waters of these islands, but leaves in May.

Photographers who have plenty of time and patience and are interested in ornithology could not do better than spend a week or two in Scilly in the spring. There is a spice of danger about the work too which would make it all the more enjoyable to some folks. Landing from a boat on to a rock with the ocean swell rising and falling several feet; balancing oneself while walking with camera, plates, etc., over slippery seaweed with uncertain depths of water all round; and fixing the camera on narrow crags of rock overhanging the sea, or worse still other rocks, far down below, all help to give a verve to the undertaking. I had a very narrow escape some time ago. I had fixed my camera on a small flat rock, had my head under the focussing cloth and decided upon my picture, took a step backwards, and—landed flat upon my back on the rocks some few feet below. In falling I clutched at the legs of the camera and brought it down with me. My boatman, who saw me fall, had rather a bad minute or two, for he did not know but that I was killed, as indeed I should have been had I measured a few inches more in height, for then my head must have struck a rock, which would no doubt have ended my career; but as it was I soon relieved the poor fellow's anxiety by making my appearance again, quite unhurt. C. J. KING.



C. J. King.

A SHAG'S NEST.

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OTTERS AND OTTER-HUNTING.—II.

THE prospective Master of a pack of otter-hounds must first possess himself of a "country," and that, by reason of the existence of numerous travelling packs, and of the internecine jealousies which embitter the relations of rival packs, is no easy matter. Now against the travelling packs, or some of them, there is not a word to be urged. They show sport, and they show it in a sportsmanlike way; they consider the feelings of the farmers and their pockets. The Masters of them show consideration, which is the true test of a gentleman's quality. And, when you come to think of it, there is abundant room for the exercise of consideration and for the cultivation of a

pleasant manner. You must hunt otter in late spring, or summer, or early autumn, or not at all, unless you would destroy your pack and incur the penalty of many aches and rheumatic pains for yourself and the hunt servants. But down by the brook or river which the otter haunts are lush meadows and hay crops, in which, according to the way in which the field is handled, the damage done may be great or very small. Now farmers, in my experience, are remarkably good-humoured in accepting damage done by the otter-hunters, so long as it is not in excess of the needs of the sport in which they themselves participate, as part of the order of Nature. But they take the damage much more kindly

when it is done by neighbours than when it is inflicted by strangers. And this is quite natural. The farmer reflects that he can get at the local squire with a claim if need be; besides, he knows him and is friendly with him. The stranger is here to-day and gone to-morrow. Out of the local pack, moreover, there are advantages to be got. The hounds must be fed. They create a market for worn-out horses and the like that would not exist otherwise, and the farmer who encourages the sport knows that when the time of need comes he will not look in vain for a welcome abatement in the rent or for a bottle or two of sound port when sickness saddens the household. Give and take, and even sentiment, has much to say in these matters, and it is unreasonable to expect the farmer to welcome the foreigner with open arms. Nevertheless a pleasant manner will achieve much, and *bis dat qui cito dat* is a good motto for every Master. Many a time have I known a kindly pull at the whisky flask, a prompt and jocular administration of five shillings, to obviate a County Court action with all its accompanying unpleasantness. The truth is that we who follow the otter need keep up no poultry fund; but a trampling fund would not be out of place.

A local pack, with luck and tact, you may establish; but it were dangerous to try to set up a new travelling pack, and even if the Master of a travelling pack should resign and essay to hand his country over to you, there may be difficulties. Land-owners and country gentlemen sometimes think the country is in their hands, and that they can give a country to whomsoever they please. But the reverse has often proved to be the case, and, whatever the law may have to say upon the question, the practical key of the position is in the hands of the farmer. To paraphrase the old rhyme, we may always be faced with an example of—

"Said the farmer, go round
With your pole and your hound,
For you never shall jump over my gate."

If you are local, and a good sportsman, he might say this, but he will not. If you are a stranger it is unreasonable to expect him to take you on trust. A painful example of the failure of a stranger comes within my personal knowledge. We had hunted locally, over a wide country well stocked with otters, for many years. The country was transferred by the retiring



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CROSSING A DAM ON THE ITCHEN

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Master to a stranger; but the farmers would have none of him. Otter-hunting for a while languished, to the great disappointment of the neighbours. A local man took up the hounds again, and otter-hunting flourishes anew.

But suppose the country to have been secured and the Master in embryo to be desirous of founding a pack. First, of course, he must build his kennels on approved principles; but these principles, which really apply to all kennels alike, need not be enumerated here. Ample accommodation, sound drainage, thorough ventilation, and a sunny aspect are the main desiderata. In the choice of huntsman, whips, and the like again the ordinary principles apply, but it must be confessed that a good huntsman of otter-hounds is considerably rarer than a black swan, for he must not only have all the ordinary qualities of a huntsman (save that it does not matter whether he can ride), but he must be wiry and hardy, so as to be able to stand long days of arduous and wet work, and he must know the habits of the otter. Nothing is more provoking than a day's sport spoiled because the huntsman is taken ill, or the sight of hounds hunted by an ignorant fellow who is of more harm than good. Also you must always watch your huntsman and keep him under control; in most cases you will find him far too keen to kill, and unwilling to give due law to the otter. The last adjunct of the kennels is the hound van, and it is essential. Although your hounds will seldom have to go at racing pace for any length of time, their work, in and out of brook, is the most arduous that any hounds car 've called upon to perform, and when it is over their feet are soft and sodden. The less road travelling there is when the day's hunting is over the better, especially for the rough hounds.

As to the type of hound to be sought for, there is room for differences of opinion. My own preference is for the true otter-hound, of which the Carlisle pack furnishes unmatched examples. Solemn, deep-voiced, something short in the leg, of powerful frame, he is rightly described in "The Encyclopædia of Sport" as "one of the genuine ancient types of dog, the rough or broken-haired hound, hunting by scent alone." "Shaggy, indomitable," to quote from Dr. Brown, he suits the wild sport and the rugged scenes in which it is found. The valleys echo again and again with his deep music. He stands water better than the foxhound, he finds better and more surely, he is more patient, but he does not kill so fast. Now the main science and enjoyment



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CLOSE UP TO HIM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of otter-hunting is in the finding, and it has often seemed to me that, when the otter is once fairly found, half the sport is over. It would be no bad thing if the otter escaped more often than he does; but with foxhounds behind him, unless there is great abundance of water, his chances are poor. Nevertheless, a mixed pack of foxhounds and otter-hounds will show excellent sport, and first crosses between the two breeds are very staunch hounds. But in whatsoever direction the fancy of the Master may lie, the building up of the pack will be a work of loving patience for many years, for hounds may look majestic, but be fit for nothing except to squat like Indian idols on a show-bench to be admired by the ignorant; and experience alone will show you which particular hounds possess the qualities, the character, the faculties, and the music which render them desirable as sires or dams. It is in watching for these that the true Master and huntsman distinguish themselves.

Important also are your terriers, for without them the otter in his holt will make a mock of the fiercest pack of hounds that ever dashed into a river. It does not much matter what their breed is, or whether they have any, so long as they combine courage and diminutive form in no common measure. Dandies, except in rare instances, I have found useless. They have plenty of pluck, but their heads are too big for going into holts, and they want to kill the otter rather than to bolt him. Moreover, when they are soaked in water the hounds are apt to mistake them for their quarry and to worry them. For the same reason the varieties of Scottish terriers are to be eschewed, though some of them are otherwise suitable. White terriers are the best, and of them the Sealyham breed are the most effectual that have come under my notice. White, broken-haired, very short in the leg and long in the body, prick-eared sometimes, they are no beauties; but they are savage beyond belief in the chase, and their pluck is incredible. But there are differences even among them, and, while I would choose a Sealyham before any other terrier for otter-hunting, I would, if



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ON THE WAY TO THE RIVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IN A HOLT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

I had the chance, pick and choose among Sealyhams, selecting for choice a sulky bitch of a reserved disposition, not given to quarrelling in kennel. Such bitches are galvanised by the presence of sport and become veritable furies. But they are very hard to secure.

VENATOR.



FRIDAY: Cromer is the capital of Norfolk; there is no doubt about that, and the sun here has put on his very best complexion, and shines golden over the green cliffs all day, the only exception to the rule of fine weather having been yesterday, when we went over to Norwich, to interview the ancient buildings of that most ancient city. Strolling through the museum, which is now placed in the walls of the old castle, I saw Sir Henry Irving lost in admiration before an old "property" dragon which had been used in the Mayors' processions from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth. We lunched at the Maid's Head; an excellent lunch it was, too, and quite the

most interesting hotel I have visited in this neighbourhood. There are plenty of traces of the fifteenth century left in the rooms, and up at the top we were shown into an old bed-chamber where Elizabeth had stretched her royal limbs in slumber. The present proprietor has a nice sense of the appropriate; although he has provided all such modern creature comforts as electric light and upholstered sofas, etc., he has retained the antiquated air of the place, all his draperies, muslins, and furbelows being of the plainest and simplest description. I feel I want to go and spend a week at the Maid's Head, specially if they give me iced melon for lunch. The rest of the party went into the old curiosity shop, while I devoted myself to the more modern joys of Fuller. We drove back to Cromer, some twenty-two miles, through a country looking its very best beneath the rays of the setting sun smiling blandly on the green fields and meadows fresh from the rain. And yet, under such circumstances, my frivolous companions insisted on talking of dress, and discussed with much vivacity the charms of a blue linen skirt made with many strappings, and

worn with a bodice of the softest white batiste run into tucks in the front and at the back, and showing on cuffs and small turn-over collar real lace flowers inserted transparently, a pale blue glacé silk tie hanging in sailor-knot fashion from the small collar-band, and trimmed with pointed ends of lace insertion. Completing this was a hat of pale brown chiffon, turned up in the front with a pale blue bow of velvet spotted with white. We had met a lady a couple of days ago bearing this costume, and its details had lingered in our minds for forty-eight hours—a wonderful effect for mere linen and batiste to achieve.

The spotted velvet trimming on a hat was the joy of our early spring fancy, and it is one which I think we shall once more experience on our autumn millinery. The few of the new hats I have seen show brown velvet and grey velvet with white spots, and those nondescript wings and quills which invariably put in their appearance with the noteworthy 12th of August. Happily, there are some appreciative folks in this neighbourhood who fed me on grouse at the earliest possible instant; as well be out of the world as out of such luxuries when they are once procurable. This reads like a greedy sentiment, but it is really only a proper appreciation of the joys of eating, which I propose to realise once again; the dinner gong has just sounded.

WEDNESDAY: From Dieppe I get a letter of much gaiety and a few clothes; these latter appear to be very varied, and the coloured or white piqué dress trimmed with incrustations of lace is having a great popularity. Somehow the English make of piqué is so hard and severe and the French make so little worn here that the fabric does not receive proper attention. Among the other fashions at Dieppe are Manila hats trimmed with spotted chiffon, and tied with strings beneath the chin. Again I have news of smart red cloth jackets worn over white piqué skirts with much effect, and many of the gowns over there appear to be made with the triple form of skirt, each layer being cut into a deep point, and this style seems to be specially popular in foulard. My correspondent is leaving Dieppe in a few days and is going yachting, but before so doing she proposes to put in a few days at Ostend, and sends me a picture of one of her dresses. There is nothing very new in this, but I daresay it looks well made of dark red linen with a trimming of black and white striped linen, and a Manila hat trimmed with red velvet; she has a serge skirt of the same colour, so that the linen coat may be made to do double duty. As linen skirts have a habit of getting dishevelled on every possible occasion, this is a pre-eminently sensible arrangement. And now I am bound to go and dress for dinner, which I must take a four-mile drive to obtain, for some amiable friends who live in the neighbourhood insist on my partaking of their hospitality, and tender recollections of the virtues of their London cook have lured me to meet their wishes. The only respectable gown I have with me for such purposes has a skirt of black soft satin crossed on the left hip and trimmed with little frills down one side and round the hem, completed with a bodice made of black net embroidered in star pattern with steel and jet interspersed with designs of white



DRESS OF RED LINEN.

lace, white lace sleeves and pale blue belt. I feel it is rather too elegant for the atmosphere of Norfolk, but paucity of selection involves an inevitableness of choice. This sounds like a proverb, but is the merest verbiage.

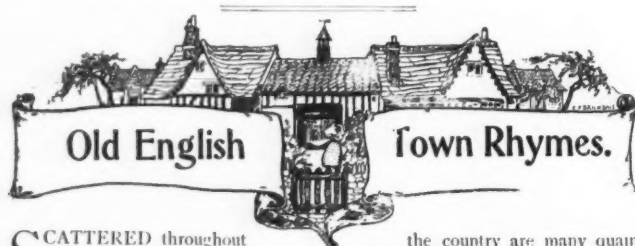
THURSDAY: Another glorious day—the powers of Cromer are sublimely gracious—and we went for a long drive to North Walsham. We had an amusing gossip on the way with the sexton of an old church, who numbered some eighty-one years, sixty of them having been spent in his present occupation, which he combined with that of bell-ringer in the good old days. It was a very old church, which some Philistines have improved barbarously, and the special points that struck the old sexton as worthy our attention were the new wooden benches and the oaken flooring; these he showed us with much pride, disdaining the interest we took in two old pieces of stained glass and a carved screen. When we arrived at North Walsham we had an excellent lunch at the hotel, where the local parlour-maid confided to me that when she was young she wanted to go on the stage, but that her father threatened that should she attempt to do so he would put her in an orphan's home. The humour of this did not strike her at all, but it has made me chuckle ever since when I think of it.

There was quite a gay company at the hotel to-night, and a small private party was held in one of the rooms; and passing through the hall I caught sight of one or two dresses that might be handed down to posterity. There was a young girl in pale pink silk muslin, with a fichu of the same colour edged with frills, and waistband of quaint brocade in white and pink and gold. There was a youthful matron in all the glory of a pale yellow dress, dotted from head to foot with sequins of gold, and tied round the waist with a sash of black chiffon, the décolletage bearing a bunch of black poppies at one side, while a pink silk lining peeped beneath the hem of the skirt. The hostess, a charming-looking woman with an air of distinction, wore a black gown cut low at the back and the front, with drapery of cream-



PURPLE STRAW HAT, TRIMMED WITH GRAPES.

coloured lace fixed in one piece, with the short sleeves formed of two frills of lace, and tied just above the elbow with a knot of black ribbon. This little dinner-party was a glimpse of civilisation, the men wearing pink carnations in their coats, the whole proceeding having an air of the West End of the Metropolis, where, alas, next week I shall have to go. But two short days in town, and I am off to the North for a week or ten days. I expect I shall have to spend those two short days in the purchase of tweed frocks and capes and such hats as are capable of staying on the head under the severest provocation of wind and weather. I am considering the advantages of purple straw trimmed with grapes, and a chou of mauve and violet shaded velvet.



SCATTERED throughout the country are many quaint rhymes connected with the various towns of the United Kingdom, the following from Gloucestershire being one of the most quaint:

"Beggary Bisley,
Strutting Stroud,
Hampton poor,
And Painswick proud."

These villages are within four miles of each other, and it is stated that some fifty or sixty years since the different adjectives exactly described the condition of the inhabitants, which has since, however, owing to the extension of the railway system, become greatly altered for the better. Many of the English towns and villages have traditional rhymes associated with their names, some of which are but mere jingles, while others illustrate some natural or other peculiarity. Although the spread of the railway system has entirely altered the character of many of the localities, many of these time-honoured rhymes are still more or less lovingly cherished by the inhabitants, probably on the principle of giving a dog a bad name, but principally, no doubt, from the habit of time honoured association. Thus, in Derbyshire, there is to be found the following quaint but not very complimentary couplet, which is also applied to Cheshire-born folk:

"Derbyshire born, and Derbyshire bred,
Strong in the arms, and weak in the head."

His Satanic Majesty comes to the fore in this rhyme:

"Stanton on the stones,
Where the Devil broke his bones."

The natives of Hertfordshire have this common saying:

"They who buy a house in Hertfordshire,
Pay three years' purchase for the air."

Norfolk, which has so much of the old world in common, possesses some quaint rhymes, of which the three following are representative specimens:

"Rising was a seaport town,
And Lynn it was a waste,
But now Lynn is a seaport town,
And Rising fares the worst."

The different villages referred to in the following are situated in the district between Norwich and Yarmouth:

"Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
Southwood swine, and Cantley cats;
Acle asses, Moulton mules,
Blighton beas, and Freethorpe fools."

The natives of Norwich are proud to inform strangers that:

"Caistor was a city ere Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built of Caistor stone."

The natives of Kent are very proud of what they account the truth of the following somewhat ill-constructed couplet:

"English lord, German count, and French marquis;
A yeoman of Kent is worth them all three,"

which can hardly be said to err on the side of modesty. In Surrey the following rhyme is to be found:

"Sutton for good mutton,
Cheam for juicy beef,
Croydon for a pretty girl,
And Mitcham for a thief."

There is a village in Essex, known as Ugley, which can lay claim to this unfortunate, and we hope libellous, couplet:

"Ugley church and ugly steeple,
Ugley parson, ugly people."

There are many other rhymes equally uncomplimentary to be met with throughout the country, a Buckinghamshire sample describing Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe in the following far from polite manner:

"Three dirty villages all in a row,
And never without a rogue or two.
Would you know the reason why?
Leighton Buzzard is hard by."

Preston possesses the following well-known rhyme:

"Proud Preston,
Poor people,
High church,
Low steeple."

Then there is this in Lincolnshire, which summarises the peculiarities of four well-known churches:

"Gosberton church is very high,
Surfleet church is all awry,
Pinchbeck church is in a hole,
And Spalding church is big with foal."

Nertown, a village adjoining Taunton, in Somersetshire, and lying to the north side of it, has been thus described in an ancient couplet:

"Nertown was a market town,
When Taunton was a fuzzy down."

The following from Nottinghamshire is a curious rhyme:

"Eaton and Taton, and Bramcote-o'-th'-Hill,
Beggary Beeston, and dirty Chilwell;
Waterside Wilford, hey little Lenton!
Ho fine Nottingham! Colwick and Snettont."

Irley, in Berkshire, claims the following distinctions:

"Far famed for sheep and wool, tho' not for spinners,
For sportsmen, doctors, pul'icans, and sinners."

The following, relating to Boston, in Lincolnshire, dates from 1766, when the great sluice was completed, the opening of which gave great disappointment, and originated the following rhyme:

"Boston, Boston, Boston,
Thou has nought to boast on,
But a grand sluice, and a high steeple,
A proud, conceited, ignorant people,
And a coast where souls are lost on."

The steeple, it may be mentioned, is known as the "Stamp." King's Sutton, in Oxfordshire, possesses this rhyme:

"King's Sutton is a pretty town,
And lies all in a valley;
It has a pretty ring of bells,
Besides a bowling alley;
Wine and liquor in good store,
Pretty maidens plenty;
Can a man desire more?
There aint such a town in twenty."

In Kent the annexed can be met with:

"He that will not live long,
Let him dwell at Murston, Tenham, or Tong."

A neighbouring village has also a rhyme of its own:

"If you'll live a little while,
Go to Bayschild."

A different virtue pervades this distich:

"All about Ma'vern Hill,
A man may live as long as he will."

Cleeve is similarly noted for good health and longevity. Shooter's Hill was formerly noted for highwaymen, and the following rhyme perpetuates the evil fact:

"Between Wickham and Welling,
There's not an honest man dwelling;
And I'll tell you the reason why,
Because Shooter's Hill's so nigh."

Salisbury Plain and Buckinghamshire also possess a similarly bad reputation. The Hundred of Hoo, in Kent, is not too well honoured in rhyme, as this couplet testifies:

"He that rideth into the Hundred of Hoo,
Besides pilfering seamen shall find dirt enou'."

In Cheshire this is to be met with, and it is a characteristic specimen of many:

"Cheshire for men,
Berkshire for hogs,
Bedfordshire for naked flesh,
And Lincolnshire for dogs."

Another rhyme relates to Congleton in this county:

"Congleton rare, Congleton rare,
Sold the Bible to pay for a bear."

Clifton, near Rugby, also has the reputation of having sold the Bible to pay for a bear; and Owersby, in Lincolnshire, is charged with having sold its bells to enable it to build the steeple of Kelsey—a not uncommon event in country districts in former times. The town of Rockingham has this rhyme:

"Rockingham, poor people,
Nasty town, castle down,
One bell, wooden steeple."

In Braintree, in Essex, this is to be found:

"Braintree boys, brave boys;
Bocking boys, rats;
Church Street, puppy dogs;
High Ganett, cats."

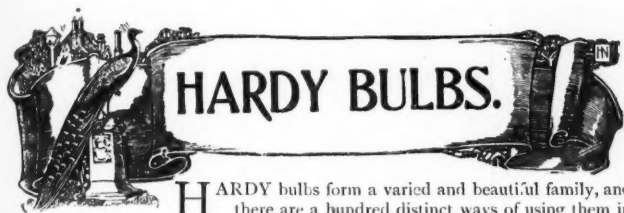
The following Warwickshire villages are perpetuated in the subjoined doggerel, which is attributed to Shakespeare's pen:

"Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford."

It was after an ale-drinking contest with their neighbours at Bidford that Shakespeare and his companions were said to have drunk all night under a crab tree—which said crab tree was cut down in 1824.

These specimens will suffice to show the very interesting character of this branch of English folk-lore.

WILLIAM NORMAN BROWN.



HARDY bulbs form a varied and beautiful family, and there are a hundred distinct ways of using them in gardens beyond the mere massing in beds on the lawn. As the season for buying and planting is approaching, a few notes may prove useful to readers of COUNTRY LIFE.

The chief family of bulbous plants is the narcissus, delightful for its many forms and delicate gradations of colouring. Where meadow-lands slope away from the house the poet's narcissi should be established in the grass, planted in artless groups, irregular and as natural as the little colonies our wild narcissus makes in the meadows of England. It is surprising how quickly the poet's daffodil increases in strong soil, and in the cool light of a spring evening hosts of flowers gleam like silver. No hardy bulb is more precious for naturalising than the daffodil, whether the handsome trumpet kinds, the graceful star narcissi (*Incomparabilis*), or the poet's kinds. The most beautiful perhaps are the star narcissi, because more slender and graceful than any other. At many country seats opportunities are provided of thus extending flower gardening into meadow-lands, where also the dog's-tooth violets, snake's-head fritillaries, scillas, apennine windflower (*anemone*), and snowdrops succeed well, that is, where the grass need not be cut early. Of course bulbous plants quickly succumb when the leaves are cut whilst growing, but there need be no necessity for this. This planting of bulbs in meadow grass is a delightful phase of gardening, and, judiciously carried out, one sees many fair bulbous plants in true beauty, the groups increasing with age. One cannot in an article upon ways of using bulbs exhaust the subject—that would not be possible in a volume, and therefore if our readers contemplate establishing bulbs in meadow-lands we shall be pleased to assist them individually.

How much beauty, too, is lost to the garden by not planting bulbs in the front of rhododendron and other evergreen shrub groups, in recesses in the shrubbery border, and at the base of trees or upon the outskirts of the lawn. Spring and summer snowflakes around the base of young apple trees, or in the shrubbery border, are indeed pretty, and this kind of picture costs little. Bulbs, unless new or very rare varieties are desired, are not expensive, and the most beautiful varieties are the most reasonable in price as a rule.

In the half shade of shrub and tree the Solomon's seal will grow vigorously, and if left undisturbed its graceful arching flower-lined stems gain in strength as the plants become older. The dog's-tooth violet (*Erythronium Dens-canis*) and its varieties, or the taller American kinds, delight in partial shade also, yet these bulbs are strangely neglected. The dog's-tooth violets look well in the lower ledges of the rock garden. They should be closely planted, or they may be used as edgings even to some choice border, but the soil must be well drained and rather peaty than otherwise. There is delightful variety amongst these, flowers of tender and pretty colours, and borne abundantly in the spring.

Writing of bulb edgings reminds one of the beauty of the dwarf bulbs when used for this purpose; we mean only where such an edging is well placed. The little narcissi, such as *Nanus*, *Minimus*, and *Minor*, are very pretty when planted in this way, and the scillas, *chionodoxas*, *triteleia*, grape hyacinths (*Muscari*), and zephyranthes gladden the garden in their respective seasons. The zephyranthes are in flower now, but they are not bulbs for every garden, requiring a warm soil and shelter. In the Royal Gardens at Kew the narrow border skirting the orchid houses is margined with them, and it is in a position like this the bulbs flower freely and withstand winter trials.

The *Muscari* or grape hyacinths form an effective group of spring-flowering bulbs, the flowers of many shades, from almost pure white through delicate blue shades to deep purple. *M. botryoides*, *Heldreichii*, *neglectum* and *conicum* are very distinct, but the finest is *conicum*, which grows with great freedom, and has deep blue flowers sweetly scented. This may be grown in the grass, or as a thin groundwork to large beds, where its handsome spikes create a sea of colour.

It is well to take each group of bulbs and get the best kinds. Thus the scilla group contains many beautiful flowers, from the early *S. bifolia*, which greets the first spring days, to the useful Spanish *S. campanulata* and the varieties of our own fragrant bluebell. If we were asked to name the most vigorous bulb in the world, we think *S. campanulata* would be our choice, having seen it under varying conditions. Certainly no bulb is so happy in the dense shade from over-hanging branches or in borders upon which the sun rarely shines. The writer has seen it increase freely even in suburban gardens, and its handsome blue flowers continue long in beauty. The white variety *alba* is very pure and charming, and the form named *rosea* is also attractive for the rose tint of its flowers.

The tulip family is a glorious group, and of late years flower gardeners have remembered the splendour of the Gesners kind and its allies. We have written of these in our garden notes, but one can scarcely praise too much this splendid race for bedding, and we hope the director of the Royal Gardens at Kew will continue to make bold groups of them in the future, to show their great value for giving colour to the bed and border in May. The bulbs are now very reasonable in price, and the flowers are different from the earlier Dutch bulbs familiar in pots almost before the new year has dawned. These May or Gesners tulips are stately almost, that is, tall and with large goblet-shaped flowers, crimson in the type, revealing a bluish centre when the midday sun expands the splendid bloom. The rose-coloured and fragrant *Macrospeila*, *elegans*, *fulgens*, and others are mere forms of *Tulipa Gesneriana*, which is the parent too of the byblcemens and other striped kinds dear to the florist of old. We wish to bring these gay tulips into the flower garden, because effective bulbs, as much so as the gayest-coloured flower of summer. They may be planted also in beds of hardy plants or associated with groups of flowering shrubs. We well remember a mass of Gesners tulip on a May day in a Sussex garden. Hundreds of bulbs had been planted near some quince bushes, and this blaze of crimson colour from the opposite hills was a lesson in grouping.

A friend told the writer that he was so charmed with the splendour of *T. Greigei* in his garden last spring that he intended to plant large groups of it this autumn. This Turkestan species is probably the most handsome of the race, the flowers of great size and gorgeous colouring, yellow and scarlet, in association or distinct. It is more expensive than the later May-flowering Gesners tulip and less certain, but a bold and brilliant flower withal. The daintier

tulips, *T. Clusiana* and rarer species, are pretty planted amongst saxifraga, daisies, and similar carpeting plants, which are a foil to the flowers. One may carry out the same idea in spring bedding, planting tulips amongst forget-me-nots, Arabis, primroses, auriculas, and plants in bloom at the same time, dwarf enough to associate with the bulbs. In the case of the heavy Parrot's tulips, whose big bizarre-coloured petals weigh down the stem, some carpeting plant is essential to prevent soil splashing and soiling the flowers.

One of the great mistakes made in growing bulbs is late planting. The poet's narcissus in particular should be in the ground in August or early September; indeed all the daffodils require to be planted earlier than the other families. Tulips will succeed when put in during late October, or when the garden has lost entirely its autumn beauty. If flower gardeners would think more of the right season for planting there would be fewer failures.

Snap-shots.

WE offer no apology for presenting the readers of COUNTRY LIFE with the two accompanying illustrations. The pictures themselves are their own apology, if such be needed, and reflect the greatest possible credit upon the clever amateur photographer, Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, Bart., by whom they were taken, with the aid of one of the Stereoscopic



MIDDLE STUMP.

Company's binocular cameras. That the photographs were taken instantaneously goes without saying, but as those of our readers who are amateur photographers, and who have attempted to snap-shoot fast-travelling objects, will know, it requires not only a considerable amount of judgment to determine what length of exposure should be given to a certain subject, but also a quickness of decision and readiness of action which are not possessed by everyone to determine at what exact second, or rather fraction of a second, the photograph should be taken. In both of the accompanying pictures it can be seen that these



A CLOSE SHAVE.

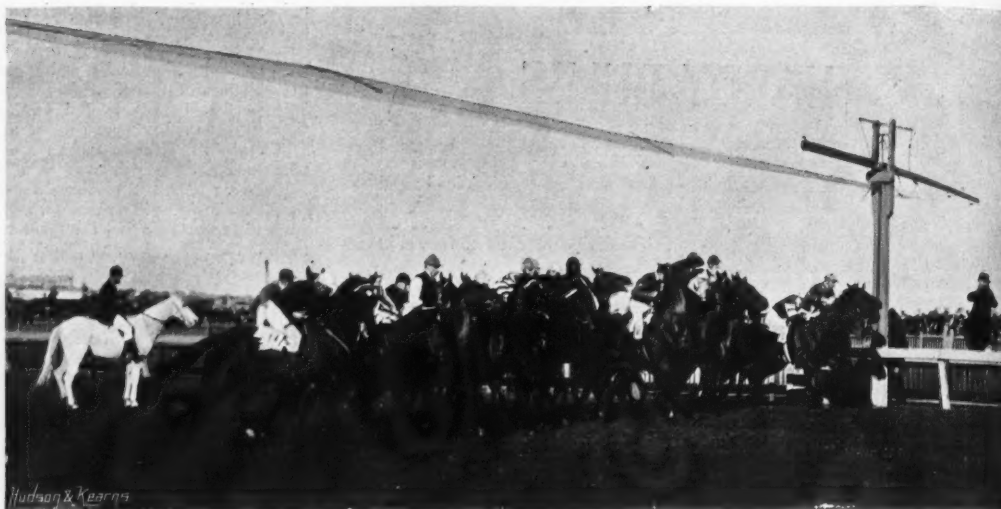
qualities have been exerted to a degree. The perfect shape of the ball in each, the falling middle stump, and the general excellence of the pictures—which, by the way, have been enlarged without being retouched in the slightest degree from the prints sent by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, and have thereby lost something of their original sharpness—go to show the skill of our correspondent.

That it should be possible for such photographs to be taken by amateurs gives evidence of the advance of the art from daguerreotype days, when to have one's portrait taken was a lengthy ordeal. That it is an art in which skill and thought play

no little part will be admitted by most; spoilt plates, ruffled tempers, and other attendant evils follow the careless and haphazard amateur. "You press the button, and we do the rest," may be an excellent advertisement phrase, but it is not everything, and those by whom it is used doubtless do not intend it to be taken quite literally. Mechanical means, however perfect, are in themselves insufficient, and need supplementing by care and consideration on the part of those who use the camera.

Racing in Australia

IN these days when so many of our biggest handicaps are won by horses bred in Australasia; when such as Paris III., Merman, Maluma, Uniform, Aurum, Newhaven, Patron, and others are in training in this country—not to mention the sires Carbine, Carnage, Chain Shot, and Trenton, who are representing the Musket blood at various stud farms—and fresh importations from the land of the Southern sun are arriving every month, the public are naturally beginning to take an interest in Australian racing, and to enquire into the conditions under which the sport takes place on the other side of the world. It is for this reason that we have given so many illustrations of racing as it takes place out there, and which, to tell the honest truth, is a long way in front of anything that we are used to see in this ultra-conservative island in all matters of manage-



Wall Bros.

THE START.

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Australian horses have much better feet and legs than ours, and for these, too, I hear that Pat is remarkable. The fences and hurdles on Australian courses take a great deal more jumping than those seen in this country, and it needs a really good jumper to win over them out there. Strangely enough, the art of jockeyship is in its infancy in that land, and even at Flemington some curious exhibitions of horsemanship may often be seen. Apparently the finish for the Grand National Hurdle Race won by Pat was one of these. We give a very realistic illustration of the field jumping one of the flights of hurdles during the progress of this event.



J. R. Mann.

TAKING THE JUMP OPPOSITE THE GRAND STAND.

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ment and general arrangement. We are this week enabled to give a portrait of Mr. J. E. Brewer's six year old Pat, by Waterford out of The Pet, who, with his owner in the saddle, carried 11st. to victory for the Grand National Hurdle Race at the Grand National Meeting of the Victoria Racing Club. For this event no less than twenty runners went to the post, and Pat, who started favourite at 5 to 1, and ran his race out with remarkable gameness and determination, won by a short head from Reindeer, to whom he was conceding no less than 28lb. From his portrait he appears to be a typical "Waler," and he is described to me as a small horse, but a hard, wiry sort, and a very game performer. The

Yorkshire Studs and Doncaster Yearlings.

SLEDMERE.—What memories this name recalls of great horses bred and reared in its breezy, undulating park, from the earliest days until now. I could write much on the beauties of this spot and the interesting history of Sledmere, but this does not come within my province, and it is only with the thorough-bred yearlings bred there I have to deal. Sir Tatton Sykes is this year sending up six of these, three of which are colts and three fillies, and all of the best running blood and highest quality. In fact it is hard to say which of the lot one likes the best; any one of them would be thought a gem of the first water in most studs; so that, where all are so good, it is only possible to compare them one with another.

I was shown the colts first, and fell in love with the first of them at once, a brown by Morion out of La Fleche, one of the most level yearlings I have ever seen, and full of quality. He is very like his dam, but built on a bigger scale, with plenty of length and reach, and her wonderful length from hip to hock, but a better back and loins than that wonderful mare ever had, clean flat legs, and the unmistakable air of a gentleman. It will be odd indeed if he does not make a race-horse. If this was the opinion I formed of the first colt I saw, what shall I say of the next? Simply this, that he looks like winning races right away. Of quite a different type from his companion, he, nevertheless, strikes one as the *beau ideal* of a galloping machine. This is the colt by St. Simon out of Mimi, by Barcaldine, her dam by Lord Lyon out of Sadie, by Voltigeur. Everyone knows the deeds that were done on the turf both by St. Simon and Mimi, and their union combines a wealth of Birdcatcher and Voltaire blood on the part of both. In appearance this youngster is of the best St. Simon character, with more bone than that sire usually gives his children, but with all the vital force and the indescribable racing-like quality of that wonderful line—length and freedom in his shoulders, and



Wall Bros.

THE CHALLENGE; PAT LEADS.

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power in his beautifully-arched loins and quarters, the best of feet and legs, a good vein, short back, and everywhere a suggestion of suppressed fire and speed. Perhaps the best yearling of the whole lot is the brown colt by St. Simon out of Marchioness, the dam of Altesse, but for one trifling defect which he is rapidly growing out of, and which some buyers may think nothing of. At any rate he is bred to race, and is, in addition, a lengthy, level, well-balanced youngster, all quality from nose to tail, full of liberty, and a rare paddock goer. This colt is in the very first class, has great limbs and bone, will make a very fine horse indeed, and is an almost certain race-horse.

Now for the fillies. After seeing three such colts, I was afraid I should be disappointed in these. I was not. They were as follows:—A bay, by Orme out of Wedlock; a black, by Amphion out of Claribelle; and a bay or brown, by Morion out of Solesky; and I liked them best in the order I have written. The first of these is full of character, and gets plenty of Stockwell blood through her dam to counteract the two Newminster strains in her sire and to nick with his Birdcatcher and Blacklock blood. The Wedlock filly is a typical Orme; that is to say, if she were by any other sire I should call her short. Orme was short, and might almost have been called high for his length; but what a horse he was! The best of his stock take after him, and how they gallop. This is a thoroughly good, clean, hard filly, the image of her sire, and almost certain to race.

Very often an outside inspection of yearlings alters all the opinions one has formed about them in their boxes. On this occasion it did not. As they were led round me in a circle, in what was once the bed of the old Mere, opposite the house, I had plenty of time to reconsider my judgment, but it was only the more confirmed. If there are not two or three big winners of the future amongst this year's Sledmere yearlings, I shall be very much surprised. Which they will be I will not venture to prophecy. The results of next month's sale will show what better judges than I am think about their relative merits.

TICKHILL.—Having left Sledmere with very natural reluctance, I returned to York, from whence I took train for Bawtry, not far from Doncaster, and a little over a couple of miles from Tickhill Castle, which looks down upon the snugly situated stud farm where Rataplan held court in years gone by, and which has since then turned out a never-ending supply of good horses. It is always a pleasure to meet the enthusiastic Goode, who has been there for years, and has watched so many future winners take their first breather round one of its roomy paddocks. I have heard people say that the Tickhill yearlings are generally too fat. This I can say, of my own knowledge, is not the case. Big they are, no doubt, but not fat. Handle them, and see for yourself. You will find them hard and firm, and almost fit to go into training.

But let us get to work, and see what this year's lot is like. We will begin with the colts. The first we come to is a fine upstanding bay by Prism—Antona, by Sir Bevys out of a Chevron mare. This is a clean, hard, well-grown youngster, with the best of limbs, great knees and hocks, and a capital mover. A beautifully-bred sire, and a rare good-looking one, is Goode's pet, Gone Coon, by Galopin out of a Hampton mare, and he is represented by a phenomenally fine yearling out of Freestone, by Atherstone, from a Knight of Kars mare. This is a grand colt, with tremendous size and reach, good bone and legs, and, for all his size, with the light springy action of a blood pony. He is a wonderful combination of power and quality, and when he has thickened and muscled he will be a most commanding yearling. A perfect tempered youngster, too, he is, and as full of confidence as an old horse. There is a lot to like about the brown, brother to Mistress Prue, by Prism out of Helen Douglas, by Macgregor. He is a compact, well-balanced, nicely-turned colt, with size, power, quality, and the best of limbs. He also is a good



J. R. Mann.

PAT, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE.

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paddock goer. And then we come to my favourite of all, the chestnut colt by Prism out of Coraboree. He has not the size or scope of the Freestone colt, and some judges may like him less for that reason; but he is such a gentleman, so truly shaped and balanced, and with such quality and power, that he looks almost sure to race. Still more will you like him when he walks out of his box and takes a gallop round his paddock and you notice his reach and liberty and the way in which he lengthens out in his stride. This will make a good horse. There is one more colt, a chestnut, by Helmsley out of Penelope II., by Esterling from Lady Plotwell, by Thormanby, her dam Penelope Plotwell, by Stockwell. This is a nice, well-made youngster, with a little white on his face and near fore leg, and the black Stockwell marks showing plainly on his bright chestnut coat. He has plenty of substance, two good ends, and big, flat, well-developed legs. Take them all round, these are fine, well-grown, big-boned, muscular yearlings, any one of which might make a very good horse, and of whom the Freestone colt may turn out a smasher, if all goes well with him.

A short walk to some paddocks on higher ground close by takes us to the fillies. There are six of these, four being by Prism, and two by Janissary. I was shown the former first, and amongst them I was especially taken with a bay of beautiful quality and perfect shape, by Prism out of Housemaid, by Beauclerc from a Valour mare. She is a lengthy, active sort, very near the ground, with long galloping quarters, bloodlike forehead, and a beautiful head and eye. She is a young backward yearling, and will improve more than most. If this filly is remarkable for quality and racing-like shape, so are the chestnut by Prism out of Vobiscum, by Sweetbread, and the bay sister to Whiston, Topaz, and Wild Ray, by Prism out of Wild Mint, by Camballo, noticeable for their size and power. Another good Prism is the daughter of Sonnet, by Albert Victor, a big, strong, wide-hipped filly, with her hocks almost on the ground, and a varmint Albert Victor sort of head—a great galloping sort of mare is this. In another paddock were two fillies by Janissary, both good, and one quite in the first class. This last is a hard-coloured bay or brown out of Claire, by Lowlander, and a really good yearling. After a long gallop round the paddock, which showed what a beautiful mover she is, and hardly made her blow, she stood still to be looked at, and this is how she struck me: A long, low sort, very near the ground, with short, flat, big-boned legs, deep middle, long powerful quarters, and beautifully arched back and loins. She is indeed a pretty filly, all quality and use, with good size and substance, and sure to race. The other is also a good sort, a well-grown bay, with power and quality, big strong ribs, and very wide over the loins and hips. She is out of May Bloom, by Ishmael from Hawthorn Bloom, by Kettledrum.



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MUSLEY BANK PADDOCKS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

MUSLEY BANK.—As racing seasons come and go, one has only to study the pedigrees of their principal winners to see how many of them owe their merits to their Agnes blood; and the home of bloodstock which is more than any other associated with this invaluable strain is Mr. James Snarry's at Musley Bank. A look round the two stallions, Ormac and Giganteum (own brother to Martagon), and also the brood mares with their foals, brought us to the yearlings, of whom I may at once say that they will do full justice to their birthplace when they are seen in the sale-ring at Doncaster the week after next. I was first taken into the large barn which does duty as a riding school and place of exercise, and shown two very compact, racing-like brown colts, by Giganteum out of Agnes Bentinck, and Ingram out of Terse, respectively. The first of these is a square-made, active, light-topped colt, with good limbs and nice quality, and all over like galloping. His dam is by Speculum out of Agnes Torel, by King Tom, and he is quite a good sort. Better still, however, I liked the other, whose dam, Terse, is a daughter of Agnes Bentinck, by Tertius. This is a fair-sized, true-shaped, well-balanced youngster, with plenty of bone, beautifully-placed shoulders, short powerful back, and all use. A hard, useful sort is the rather plain bay by Saraband out of Bay Agnes, by Speculum out of Polly Agnes, by The Cure, a rare goer in the paddocks, too; and then we came to a chestnut by the same sire from Marie le Ragois, by Trappist out of Eau de Vie, by Marsyas. This is a big, lengthy, reaching colt, with bone, substance and power. I was next shown a bay colt by Bend Or, or Giganteum, out of the beautifully-bred Eastern Lily, by Speculum from Lily Agnes, by Macaroni. He is a very late foal, and has not done very well either, so that he is small, but a really good shaped one, very active, and a beautiful mover; and then we came to what will certainly be one of the best yearlings seen at Doncaster. This is a bay colt by Trenton out of Golden Agnes (own sister to Kendal), by Bend Or from Windermere, by Macaroni. He is a really grand colt, with size, power, and bone, the best of limbs, length in the right places, but for all his size no lumber, and the action of a blood pony. He was a May foal, so owes none of this to early birth, and he ought to grow into a very remarkable horse. This finished the colts, and I was then shown a sweet, pretty filly (sister to Model Agnes), by Orme out of Musley Maid, by Trappist from Festive, by Carajal. This young lady has long powerful arms and thighs, and short cannon bones, is a true-made, well-balanced filly all over, with long sloping shoulders, short, well-arched back, and good quarters. She is all on the ground, and almost certain to race. Rather small you may think her in her box, but she looks a lot bigger out, with her true action and liberty, and as quick as lightning she is. In their widely different types, this sharp, bloodlike filly and Golden Agnes's powerful commanding colt are both as good yearlings as anyone could wish to see.



OUR issue for August 13th contained an account of the Rugby Polo Tournament, which took place as usual on the Rugby Polo Club ground at Springhill, during the week following the Goodwood race-meeting. This week we are enabled to give a picture containing the portraits of the players who took part therein. The Rugby Polo Club includes amongst its members most of the best-known polo-ists of the day, and there are few of those whom we have been used to watch at Hurlingham and Ranelagh who may not also be seen playing at some time or another during the Rugby Tournament. Consequently, the accompanying picture contains the portraits of most of the best-known exponents of the game, and cannot fail to be interesting, not only to their many friends, but to all followers of polo as well. There is a remarkably good portrait of Mr. E. D. Miller in the centre of the front row, with that hard-hitting Dragoon, Mr. Neil Haig, on his left. Mr. G. A. Miller will also be readily recognised, as also will the gunner, Captain "Jack" Hanwell, the great 13th Hussar back, Major McLaren, another Inniskilling, Captain Paynter, Mr. Dryborough, the owner of that wonderful pony Lord Dalmahoy, and a number of other good men and true.



Speight.

THE RUGBY TOURNAMENT COMPETITORS.

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AT Stockton last week there was a tremendous attendance, and grand weather, accompanied by excellent sport. On the first day the Wynyard Plate for two year olds was won by Galliot, who started at 10 to 1, and cantered home three lengths in front of Ortrud, with Marceline third. He had hitherto been running in good company without success, and those that finished behind him last week did not take much beating. The filly by Spahi out of Alibek must be a stout two year old, as only an hour after she had run Postula to a head for the Trial Plate, she came out again, and won the Harewood Plate in a field of twelve, and her owner, Mr. Cunningham, was lucky in being able to buy her in for 380 guineas. At Wo'verhampton on the same afternoon the Staffordshire Breeders' Foal Plate for two year olds brought out fourteen runners, of whom Lady Ogle won by a length from the bay colt by Suspender out of Velleda. The Great Northern Leger, of a mile and five furlongs, at Stockton, on Wednesday, was won by Queen's Gate, by Queen's Counsel out of Mahogany. A two year old that has been spoken of as a likely winner for some time past is Fifeshire, by Hampton out of St. Elizabeth, and bred at Mr. R. A. Brice's stud farm at Witham. He is trained by J. Day, and I was glad to see that he won the Little John Plate at Nottingham. I hope that Mr. Brice profited by his success, which should draw attention to this gentleman's yearlings at Doncaster. On the same afternoon Mr. W. P'Anson's Campana, by Selby out of Campanista, won the Friar Tuck Plate, and buyers should remember that there is an own brother to her among the yearlings going up from the Blink Bonny Stud to Doncaster the week after next. There was a fair day's sport on Saturday at Nottingham, where the five year old Phœbus Apollo, a useful colt two years ago, took the Nottinghamshire Handicap. I hear that the ground is getting hard again at Newmarket, which will be nothing in favour of Jeddah's getting through his St. Leger preparation successfully. OUTPOST.

ON THE GREEN.

THE actual result of the Carnoustie tournament was not very surprising. That Vardon and Taylor should be left in till the final to fight it out was very much in the ordinary course of golfing events, and, further, that Vardon should have the better of Taylor was perhaps again only what was to be looked for as the two men are playing at this time. But incidentally some points of interest may be noticed. The two new men who qualified and did well, Thomas Hutchison and young R. Simpson (the latter with the advantage of playing on his native heath), have reason to be proud of what they did. And, on the other hand, there was the upsetting of many a fairly-established apple-cart. Andrew Kirkaldy, never a good score player, could not get into the first six. Archie Simpson failed to do himself justice, for he was playing on a very familiar green, and Herd, though he passed the qualifying standard, so to speak, did not show the form we saw him in a year or two ago. Young Park did well—it would not be fair to overlook him.

A very interesting find has been made in an old house at Hull, in the shape of some very old golf clubs, presumed to be of about the Stuart period; but it is a very vague presumption. There seems little doubt that they are the oldest set of golf clubs at present in the world. What is chiefly interesting about them is their great length, weight, and clumsiness. They are very obviously before the date of Hugh Philp, and their weight and size are the more remarkable because the clubs of the Philp time were notable for lightness and neatness. It would seem to have been a bush-whacking kind of game that our forefathers played with these cudgels. The iron weighed 28oz. There was but a single bit of seldedge round the grip—often not this; and it would seem that the shaft was often made of the branch, or sapling, of a tree—not cut from the plank. This singular find has gone into the possession of Mr. Adam Woods, the Duke of Portland's agent, to whom the Troon Golf Club is much indebted.

The Royal West Norfolk Club, at Brancaster, contemplates giving, annually,

a £50 challenge cup for open competition—open, that is to say, to recognised amateurs—with a £10 memento. The first competition under tournament conditions will be held in October next.

Andrew Kirkaldy played a better scoring game than he is wont to in the competition got up by the Elie and Earlsferry Club. But the result had a sameness with many that have gone before this year. The unexampled readiness of Harry Vardon brought him yet again to the head of the list, with 300 for 72 holes. That very undemonstrative but steady player, James Kay, of Seaton Carew, was second to him at 303, and then came Andrew Kirkaldy at a stroke

more. Herd was next; then Archie Simpson, Braid, and young Scott (the latter might have done better on a green so familiar to him) followed in the order of their names. Taylor, not at his best, was after Scott—then Willie Auchterlonie, and so on. Vardon is a wonderful player. He is maintaining his right to the championship most gallantly. The prize-money he is picking up must be quite considerable, and it is the more creditable to him to have won at Elie, because we believe the course to be quite new to him. A prize for the best single round was divided between Herd and Kay, both having returned a 72.



"The Dandy Fifth."

LAST week I gave you an example of the hopelessly bad musical play. This week we will contrast it with the respectably good. Unfortunately, just at present, I see no hope of following this with the "extremely brilliant." "The Dandy Fifth," being written by so experienced a craftsman and so facile a versifier as Mr. George R. Sims, could not, of course, be inchoate, incomprehensible, or merely imbecile. His verses could not set one's teeth on edge by false rhyming or scansion. His story might not be new or daringly unconventional, but it would be workmanlike, straightforward, and absolutely clean. So it turned out. "The Dandy Fifth" proceeds along old lines, but it proceeds smoothly; his lyrics contain nothing new in sentiment or imagery, but they are easy, sentimental, and humorous. Good plain sentiment, good plain humour.

His characters are known to us; but they are characters—there is a touch of individuality about most of them. The lover and his lass are quite the ordinary comic opera couple, but several of the lesser lights are touched in with many a skilful bit of colour. They move, live, and have their being. His Cockney, of course, is an admirable little piece of caricature of nature; Mr. Sims is a master of Cockneyana. Trooper Brown is a bit of idealised Seven Dials in scarlet which I commend to the notice of *Navy and Army Illustrated*. Polly Green, barmaid, is known to the majority of City clerks and garrison town natives—through rose-coloured spectacles, naturally. That is, so far as Mr. Sims is concerned; he has imagined and drawn her cleverly enough; the actress who has to interpret his ideas loses much of the individuality and character of the part, and slides too easily into the merely ordinary young lady of burlesque. She is very nice and entertaining, but she does not act the part, she simply plays herself. But Mr. Sims has been a little too much for her—there are still glimpses of character in the doings of the pretty little lady of the saloon bar who flirts with every rank in the Service with equal guilelessness and good temper.

The plot necessarily deals primarily with the love troubles of a gentleman ranker who has been disowned by his father for going the pace too fast. He naturally falls violently in love with a street singer, a gipsy, who, it need hardly be said, is a young lady of high degree, who has disguised herself for fun, who is destined by her parents to be the wife of the fiery colonel of the gentleman ranker's regiment. One need hardly add that there is a fancy dress ball, to which the hero, who has been put into the guard-room by the colonel for some offence or other, breaking his arrest, comes disguised as Claude Duval, and flirts with the high-born gipsy under the nose of his peppery rival. There is a touch of novelty in the incident of the mock duel between them, which develops into a real tussle in which our hero is wounded. In the end—but there is surely no necessity to tell the end.

So far, so good; there is nothing very wonderful in all this. But in Private Brown, in Sergeant-Major Milligan, who, you may not be surprised to hear, is an Irishman, and in Polly Green, you will find much to laugh at, much pleasant, unforced humour, which Mr. Sims writes so easily—nothing very deep or new or acute. Mr. Sims, wisely perhaps, thinks the humour of suggestion and inference too delicate to carry over the footlights; he plumps for the obvious, the humour that there is no mistaking, which hits you full and square; not merely boisterous, and never vulgar, except in the best sense of the word, but not hidden, fragile, delicate.

As with the story, so with the versification. The effective-

ness of the lyrics cannot be appreciated without the knowledge of Mr. Clarence Corri's music, which fits them exactly, enters thoroughly into the spirit of them, is exactly on the plane of Mr. Sims' muse, is just as unambitious, just as effective as the libretto, never vulgar, generally a little common-place, with flashes of daintiness and charm; always tuneful and insistent. "The Toast of the Dandy Fifth" admirably exemplifies the whole thing—there is a swing and a "go" in it, a quality of sincerity and heart in it, without any great indication of imagination or style:

"The flag that waves o'er us,
The hearts that adore us,
The heroes of England who sleep 'neath the green;
The fight that we sigh for,
The land that we'd die for,
The lass that we love, and our Lady, the Queen."

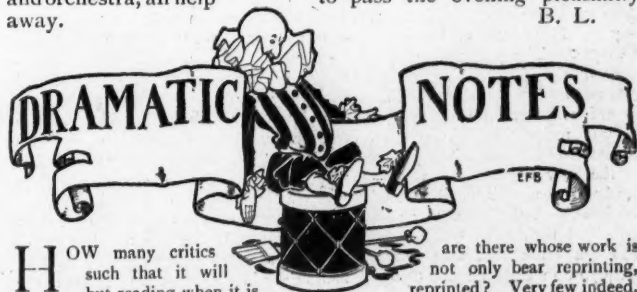
Mr. Corri gives a pretty little piece of phrasing and "diminution," so to speak, in the third line, which is effective. Again:

"So come, you foreign soldiers,
And we don't care who you are—
The Uhlans of the Kaiser,
Or the Cossacks of the Czar.
Our Army may be little,
But you've learnt before to-day
A little British Army
Goes a (drum) long way!"

Here is a verse of one of Mr. Sims' Cockney love songs, a mixture of the pathetic and comic which he understands so well:

"She is going to marry Augustus!
O, that's what the dicky-birds say.
Little sparrows, fly over the 'ousetops,
And chirrup the noos on your way!
When you welcome the morn, cock-a-doodle,
O, crow it aloud to the town!
Little bow-wows, bark out through your muzzles,
'She'll be Mrs. Augustus Brown.'"

"The Dandy Fifth" is a very bright and amusing entertainment; the stage is kept full of bright dresses, and there is an air of joviality all through. The company is excellent; we have very few light opera baritones as good as Mr. Scott Russell, and not too many light opera sopranos with voices of the range and quality of Miss Ruth Davenport; and both of these act capitally. The full-flavoured humours of Mr. Edward Lewis, Mr. Harry Cole, and Miss Minnie Jeffs, and the capable chorus and orchestra, all help to pass the evening pleasantly away.
B. L.



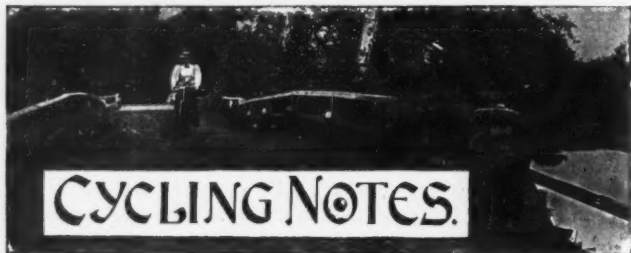
HOW many critics are there whose work is such that it will not only bear reprinting, but reading when it is reprinted? Very few indeed, I should say. As an example of picturesque reporting at its best, of life and movement and colour, of warm and vivid word painting, we have Mr. Clement Scott's "From 'The Bells' to 'King Arthur'"—this I read with very great pleasure. As an example of perfect English, translucent style, of wonderful appropriateness of word and phrase, of apt and illuminative quotation and keen analysis of style, we have the yearly volumes, "The Theatrical World," by Mr. William Archer. Mr. Scott's and Mr. Archer's books are reprints of their

journalistic writings, and they are examples of journalism of which we may well be proud. If Mr. Scott errs on the side of emotionalism, Mr. Archer errs in the opposite extreme; as his admirer, "Spectator," says of him, the sensuous and pictorial side of the stage appeals to him not at all—and therein lies his weakness. But as a stylist Mr. Archer has no equal among the ranks of the dramatic critics.

All this is preamble. I have been reading once more his "Theatrical World" of 1897, and, in the absence of more immediate and pressing topics to demand attention, I should like to reopen the subject of "Admiral Guinea." At the time of its presentation at the Avenue Theatre, I wrote that this was "not drama, but something almost better." This phrase Mr. Archer does me the honour to quote—unless someone else used it also, which is not unlikely; in any case, that does not matter. Whether it be drama in the strict sense of the word or not, is it possible that this masterly piece of dramatic literature, this thrilling, exciting, wonderful work is to be buried, so far as the stage is concerned, after three exotic morning performances by the New Century Theatre Society at the Avenue Theatre? If that, indeed, be its fate, Mr. Archer's eloquent pleading for an endowed theatre, which shall be independent of the unthinking hundred thousand on whom the success or failure of a play depends nowadays, is unanswerable. If there is not a manager who could produce this play on ordinary commercial lines with a fair chance of making it pay, then, for the sake of the nourishment, nay, the very existence, of the British drama in its highest phases, an endowed theatre we must have. Under the conditions which rule to-day, the necessity of appealing to the million ere any piece can produce a profit, tragedy will become extinct; it is almost extinct already. A very Shakespeare would not find an outlet to-day. Surely we are not content to let this state of affairs continue.

But I feel certain that, acted as it was acted at the Avenue, "Admiral Guinea," by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, could be reproduced under ordinary circumstances with every prospect of success. It was palpitating drama, told in beautiful English. It was exciting; in the last act the suspense—one of the primary qualities of great plays—was positively painful. The "situation"—to use the phrase which we use for merely provincial blood-and-thunder melodramas, among others—was "intense." You may write of "Admiral Guinea" as a gem of literature, or as a merely ordinary play, and in each case it fulfils all requirements. It could be done at the Haymarket, it could be done at the Adelphi—at either, I feel sure, it would be a popular success. Reverent hands might, perhaps, be allowed to edit it here and there where the action halts a little. But, with Mr. Sydney Valentine to repeat for us his truly great performance of David Pew, one of the most lurid and fascinating and artistically horrible characters the stage has given us, with Mr. William Morrison to play once again the extraordinarily attractive and repellent Gaunt, with the other characters in adequate hands, I believe "Admiral Guinea" would enjoy a much longer run in the West End of London than the majority of flaming melodramas we have seen there lately. Cannot something be done to revive it under promising conditions?

And we ought then to consider very earnestly the question of the Endowed Theatre. I am afraid that the London County Council is not quite the body we should like to see at the head of such an institution, unless its share in the management was absolutely confined to finding the capital, restricting the expenditure, and auditing the accounts. The ideal thing would be for that benevolent millionaire to come along.



At the International Congress of Touring Clubs, which has just been held at Luxembourg, the question of reciprocity was again brought up for discussion. It may be remembered that at the first congress, held last year, it was proposed that all the touring clubs of Europe, and the League of American Wheelmen, should enter into an arrangement of reciprocal membership; that is to say, the person who joined the touring club of his own country would *ipso facto* be entitled to the privileges as to hotel discounts and the like of any other touring club if travelling in any other country than his own. To this proposal all the touring clubs were agreeable with the exception of that of France, which offered a strenuous opposition, presumably basing its objection on the fact that English and American tourists would no longer be inclined to join the French club, and that it would lose its very large English-speaking following.

At the congress just held the Touring Club de France came forward with a proposition for the establishment of an International League of Touring Clubs, which would have for its objects everything which it seems desirable that such a body should undertake, but excluding a reciprocal policy as to membership privileges. The proposal to establish an international club, M. Ballif, the president of the Touring Club de France, described as dangerous, specious, and chimerical. Dr. Von Stern, the president of the Austrian Touring Club, brought forward a somewhat similar proposition, but one which further included the policy of reciprocity. The latter, however, he ultimately withdrew, and his proposal was adopted minus this essential item. Dr. Von Stern's proposed title for the new organisation was the "Ligue Internationale des Associations Touristes," as against M. Ballif's "Ligue Internationale des Sociétés de Tourisme." The former was adopted, and seventeen touring clubs or unions subscribed their adhesion. The more important bodies are the League of American Wheelmen, with 100,000 members; the Touring Club de France, with 67,000 members; the Cyclists' Touring Club, with 55,000 members; the Deutscher Radfahrer Bund, with 40,000 members; and the Touring Clubs of Belgium and Italy, each with 18,000 members; the remaining eleven clubs making up a total membership of 388,000. These are striking figures and unmistakably illustrate the powerful hold that cycle touring has attained.

There is a plethora of cycling literature in the field just now, in the way of road books and guide books especially compiled for cyclists. The most interesting is the "Companion to the British Road Book," issued by the Cyclists' Touring Club. It is a volume of about 400 pages, containing descriptions by Mr. H. S.

Vaughan of numerous routes in the Southern Counties, from Kent to Cornwall, including the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands. These descriptions have been appearing at intervals for many years past in the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette*, and are now gathered together in book form, chiefly for the benefit of the immense array of new members who have joined within the last three years. The descriptions have been brought up to date and otherwise revised, and the book contains some 20 full-page illustrations which have been specially drawn. Some 70 or 80 routes are described, and in remarkably interesting fashion, as no one needs to be informed who is already familiar with Mr. Vaughan's work. The book should be in the hands of every wheelman who roams on Southern roads. Much as is the information which may be obtained nowadays by the cyclist in the way of mileage references, and other details as to the finding of one's way, there is far too little information available as to the picturesque and historical features of the various highways of the land. About these Mr. Vaughan chats very pleasantly, and his articles are brimful of information.

Another useful, if less ambitious, work is the "Cyclists' Road Book and Guide to the Scottish Borders and Galloway," by James Lennox, F.S.A. Scot. (Gall and Inglis). It is a volume of 132 pages, designed to afford a variety of information as to a region which the author—an old tourist, and a holder of one of the early records, when records were genuinely sporting events and not trade-organised affairs—declares to be less known than it deserves. Copious footnotes appear on every page of this manual, detailing the historical and antiquarian attractions of the abbeys, castles, and other objects seen from the road.

Mention of Scotland reminds me that I omitted last week to deliver myself of one other wrinkle with regard to toting in the "land of cakes," and that is—beware of the Scotch railway porter. Why it should be so I do not know, but the fact is that wherever I encountered him I found him to be a most opinionated and obnoxious individual, who invariably knew far more about my cycle than I did myself, and was deaf to all reasonable representations. At one station, for instance, a member of the genus flatly refused to place the company's label in the usual place round a spoke, but stuck it firmly on one of the main tubes of the frame, whence it naturally took a good deal of removing. He further delivered himself of a severe lecture on the subject, and declared the spoke method to be impossible. Had he seen several thousand machines thus labelled leave Waterloo Station in a week he might have received a little enlightenment upon the subject, though I am not at all sure but that he would have stuck to his opinion still. THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE PAVILION.

ABEL is an astonishing little cricketer; and yet again his double century gives us occasion to draw attention in these notes from the pavilion to the wonderfully good work done by the veterans this year—Gunn, Abel, "W.G.," etc.—and Brown is not a boy. Kent's match with Surrey was curiously like Yorkshire's match with the Surrey men. Kent have been playing some good cricket, but nothing could have been more complete than their collapse. Not a man of them did any really creditable work. Lockwood bowled wonderfully well throughout, and of course a deal is to be put down to the disheartening effect of such a huge score as Surrey's 534 to start against. Lockwood was scarcely less effective, scoring 84, with bat than ball, and Brockwell made 74; but of course Abel's was the giant innings, and at one time he looked like making the season's record score. We did not know then what the end of the week was to bring forth.

And Yorkshire have been kind to us, giving us more open interest in the county championship than it seemed likely to have this year. Yorkshire will win—that we have little doubt; but they are faring in a way that reminds us not a little of that year in which Notts, after leading the dance valiantly for the greater part of the season, failed badly at the end, and had to be content with a bracketed first place with two others. Yorkshire—except of course for their last flare up of 500 for no wickets—have never been quite the same since Kent's victory. They lost—for a while—just that confidence in their star that made them so irresistible. Of course the luck was against them when they played Middlesex—there is not a doubt of that—but still their total collapse, all out for 45 in the second innings, is not to be explained by the luck. Of this 45, Tunncliffe made 31, leaving a small dividend for the rest of the company. Generally Yorkshire have shown great power of dealing with a tricky wicket this year, but perhaps this one was just a little too tricky. A hot sun had caked the top, after rain had softened it. Albert Trott, versed in all the wiles of Australia, took full advantage of it, and the result was as seen. Middlesex had only to get 60. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Warner going out for such an unlucky number as 13 apiece looked of bad omen to the superstitious, but Mr. Stoddart kept his wicket up, and Mr. Ford defied augury. He hit five 4's, which made a hole in the number wanted, and Middlesex won by eight wickets. While one has all admiration for the work of the veterans this year, there are one or two of the younger generation who deserve notice. There is Mr. Fry, whose fine batting was spoken of last week, and Mr. Townsend, who alone, at the moment of writing, has scored a thousand runs and bowled a century of wickets, is to be congratulated. He had done this before he finished off Essex, with Mr. Jessop's help, in a single innings. For their score the winners had chiefly to thank Mr. Troup's century.

Mr. Fry was not in his form against Lancashire, twice breaking down at the ill-omened figure of 13. But the county, with a fine contribution of 93 from Mr. Latham, had a very big lead over Lancashire's miserable score of 64. The wicket was none too good, and in following on, Mr. MacLaren altered his tactics and played the forcing game, taking Baker in with him as his partner. The new style paid a deal better than the cautious play of the first innings, and though the captain scored only 15, the professional hit up 63. Tyldesley, most consistent of scorers, who had scored the highest figure in the first innings—namely, 25—was again very useful, with 44 in the second. But there was never a doubt of Sussex's ability to make the 68 runs wanted to win.

Of course the scoring at the end of the week threw into shade all that has been done this year, or, indeed, any other. Yorkshire, seeming a little annoyed at the jeopardy into which they had thrown the championship, made over 500 runs without losing a wicket, Brown only hitting his wicket after reaching the third century, and Tunncliffe, after playing a more faultless innings, scoring something in the neighbourhood of the same figures. It is not quite clear whether Brown hit his wicket by accident or no; but if it was done "accidentally on purpose," we may presume that he repented when he saw that Hayward was not out for 15 runs more. That Dr. Grace and Mr. Troup—the latter for the second time in succession—should have scored humble centuries seems as nothing after these feats. Even Abel's and Gunn's double centuries have to go into the back row. LONG-SLIP.